

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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THE QUEEN  
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

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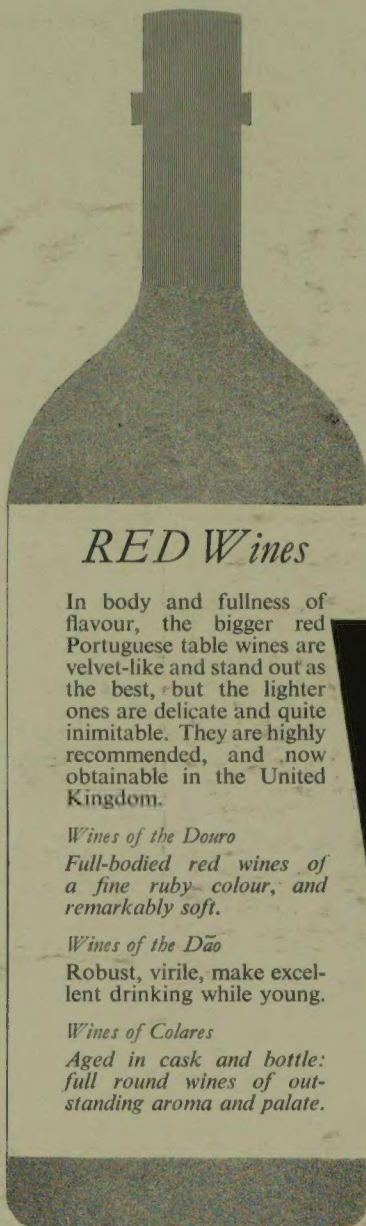




## *The great and distinctive table wines of PORTUGAL*

A generosity of body and strength, agreeable bouquet of richness of flavour is found in the red wines, enhanced by an exceptionally velvety texture; the white wines boast a discreet sweetness which does not cloy on the palate, and are peculiarly congenial to our climate and food. The Portuguese table wines are indeed great wines in their own right, and are truly distinctive.

For further information write to Casa de Portugal, 20, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1.



### *RED Wines*

In body and fullness of flavour, the bigger red Portuguese table wines are velvet-like and stand out as the best, but the lighter ones are delicate and quite inimitable. They are highly recommended, and now obtainable in the United Kingdom.

#### *Wines of the Douro*

Full-bodied red wines of a fine ruby colour, and remarkably soft.

#### *Wines of the Dão*

Robust, virile, make excellent drinking while young.

#### *Wines of Colares*

Aged in cask and bottle: full round wines of outstanding aroma and palate.



### *WHITE Wines*

Delicious, mellow and golden-coloured, these white wines of Portugal can be served by all who prefer lighter wines.

#### *Dry White Wines*

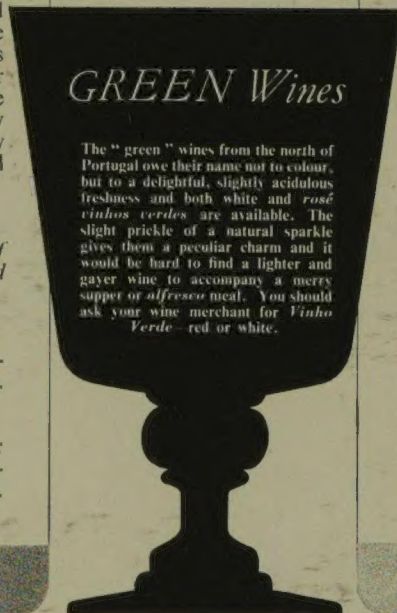
Clean, fresh and absolutely dry wines. From Douro, Dão and Setúbal.

#### *Medium Sweet Wines*

Slightly sweet wines without the cloying quality of some lower-priced wines. From Douro and Setúbal.

#### *Sweet Wines*

Wines of delicate fragrance, from Douro, Estremadura and Setúbal; others, as the liquorous muscatel of Setúbal and the Carcavelos, have a subtle perfume and are fine dessert wines.



### *GREEN Wines*

The "green" wines from the north of Portugal owe their name not to colour, but to a delightful, slightly acidulous freshness and both white and *rosé* *vinhos verdes* are available. The slight prickle of a natural sparkle gives them a peculiar charm and it would be hard to find a lighter and gayer wine to accompany a merry supper or *al fresco* meal. You should ask your wine merchant for *Vinho Verde*—red or white.



The genuine sardine, *Clupea pilchardus*, is only found off the broad Atlantic shores and the Portuguese sardines stand alone by their fine quality. They are the pick of the fish caught during the allowed season, mostly the summer, in the sun-bathed Portuguese waters. This first-class product owes its unchallenged reputation to the superiority of the fish and to the fine quality and flavour of the Portuguese olive oil in which they are packed. Sardines are rich in vitamins. Four to five ounces of Portuguese Sardines produce four times the energy as a piece of rump steak the same size! From the same sunny waters come Mackerel, Anchovy and Tunny fish for which Portugal is no less renowned. When you buy these fine table delicacies, always look for the words "PACKED IN PORTUGAL."

## **Portugal's** *harvest from the Sea*



### **Industry is up-to-date**



### **in Portugal**

Photograph taken in one of Portugal's many canning and packing factories. Spotless, hygienic conditions like this ensure that Portuguese canned fish arrive at your home in the finest possible condition.





# PORTUGAL

*A Year-Round Holiday by the Sea . . .*

ESTORIL is marked with every blessing. Not only does it boast the best climatic conditions in Europe as well as a luxuriant beach setting accommodating every taste and pocket, but also the surrounding countryside is a scenic wonderland. The sunny resort is a mere one half-hour from glorious Sintra, Cascais, Praia do Guincho and Lisbon. CASCAIS is an old fishing village consisting of two fine beaches and a languorous bay open to the variety of yachts anchoring there.

Perhaps the most delightful, bristling Portuguese fishing village is NAZARÉ, full of lovely beaches and with native fishermen mending their nets, and preparing for sea.



PORTUGAL'S west coast proudly faces the moody Atlantic. At times, the sea hurls her waves capriciously against the red and purple rocks like so many silent sentinels and, at other times, recedes and then cozily laps the shore where golden sands dapple under a friendly sun. From Caminha in the north to Vila Real de Santo Antonio in the south, the sea has been a source of livelihood for many a Portuguese fisherman and merchant. Along the sea coast, fishing villages unfold their curious crafts, distinctive regional costumes and colourful folklore. In Portugal, almost every coastal town and fishing village is a sea resort and the expanse of white sand offers a permanent playground to thousands of pleasure-seeking adults and children. The seaside villages vary in their peculiar charm and are exposed near historical and picturesque landmarks as well as the natural coves and dunes found on the margins of the beach. The splendid climate with an abundance of facilities arranged at the larger beach resorts along with the beauty and simplicity of the smaller seaside villages invites the voyager to spend his holidays by the sea.

*OTHER pleasant and quaint seaside resorts are : Caparica, Praia da Rocha, Arrabida, Foz do Arelho. Comfortable hotels and classic Portuguese restaurants will enchant the tourist here as well as in Espinho, Foz do Douro, Figueira da Foz, Ericeira, Praia das Maças and Ofir*



For further information, consult : CASA de PORTUGAL, London ; CASA de PORTUGAL, New York ; CASA de PORTUGAL, Paris ; SOLAR de PORTUGAL, Brussels ; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Geneva ; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Rome ; SECRETARIADO NACIONAL da INFORMAÇÃO, Lisbon.

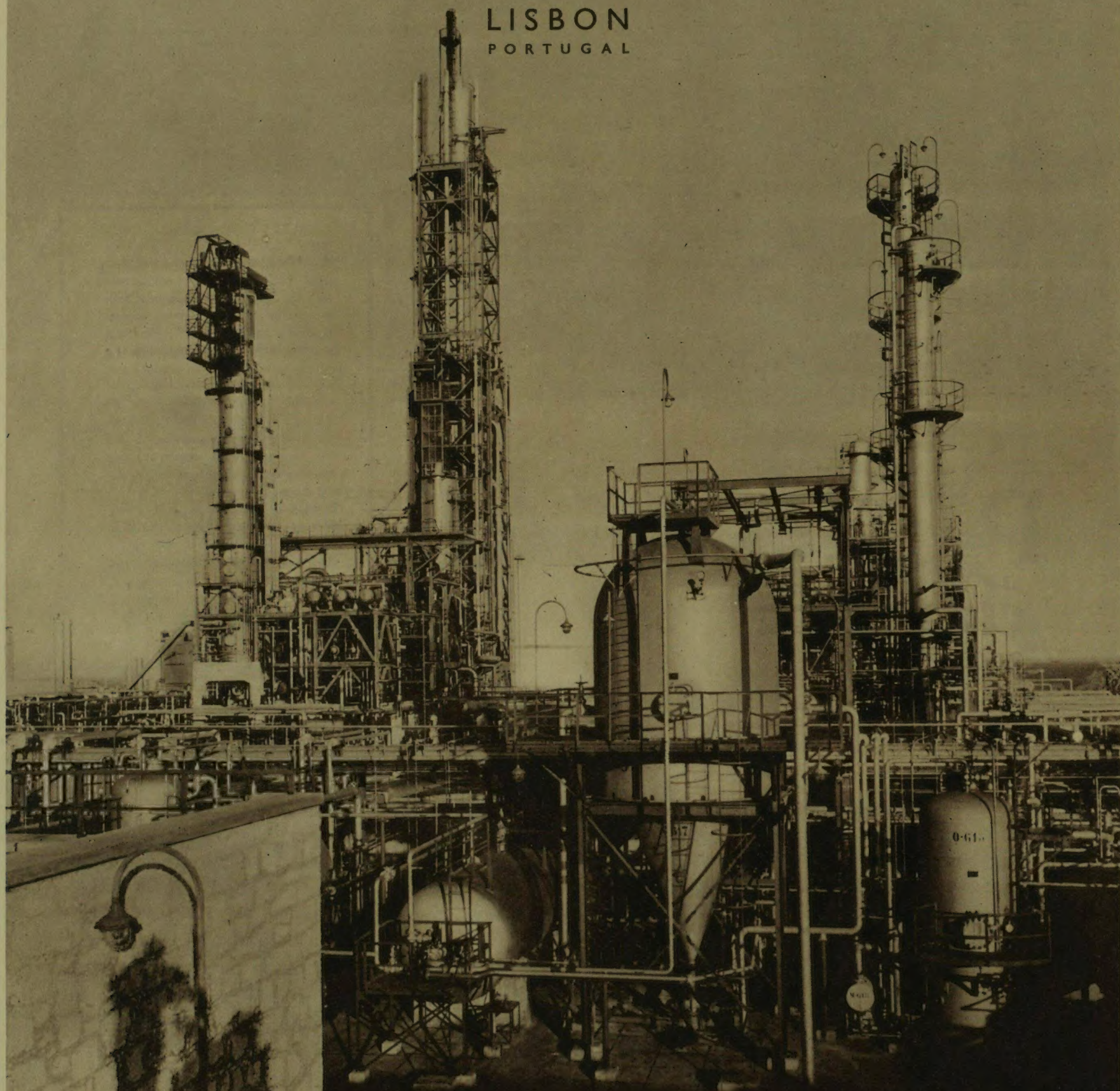


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# Sights to remember



## GUIMARÃES

The veritable cradle of the Portuguese nation and the first capital of Portugal, Guimarães is a marvel of medieval art with its imposing nine-tower castle dating from the second half of the 10th century. Within the enclosures of this immense fortification stands the ancient Palace of the Dukes of Braganza ornamented with 15th-century windows and portal. The adjoining St. Miguel do Castelo church is noted for the many Portuguese kings, including King Alfonso Henriques, who were baptized there. The cloister of this little Roman church contains three tombs of exceptional artistic merit. From the time of reconstruction of the castle in the 14th century, the gothic style of nearby St. Francisco church reflects the fine mode of that period. Two museums, the Archaeological Museum of the Martinha Society and the Alberto Sampaio Museum, possess outstanding collections of precious objects.

Aside from the monumental riches of Guimarães the vicinity is admirable, and many excursions enliven an interest that is already limitless.

### OTHER PORTUGUESE CASTLES AWAIT YOUR VISIT

**LEIRA** (Estremadura) : Constructed in 1135 by Alphonse I—Ancient home of King Dinis I and Queen St. Isabel.

**FEIRA** (Beira Litoral) : Medieval castle dating from the eleventh century.

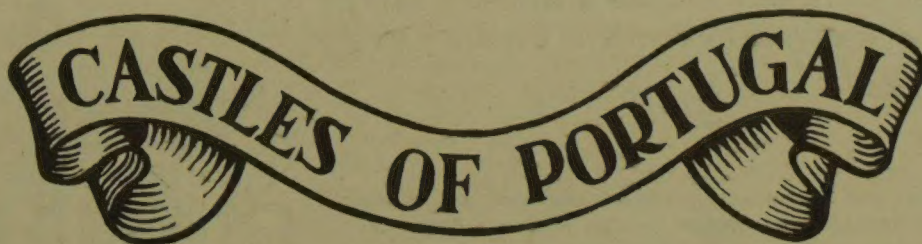
**ALMOUROL** (Estremadura) : Built by the Romans in the twelfth century in the district of Golega.

**ÓBIDOS** (Estremadura) : Constructed in the twelfth century at the time of the Moors. Fortified by ramparts.

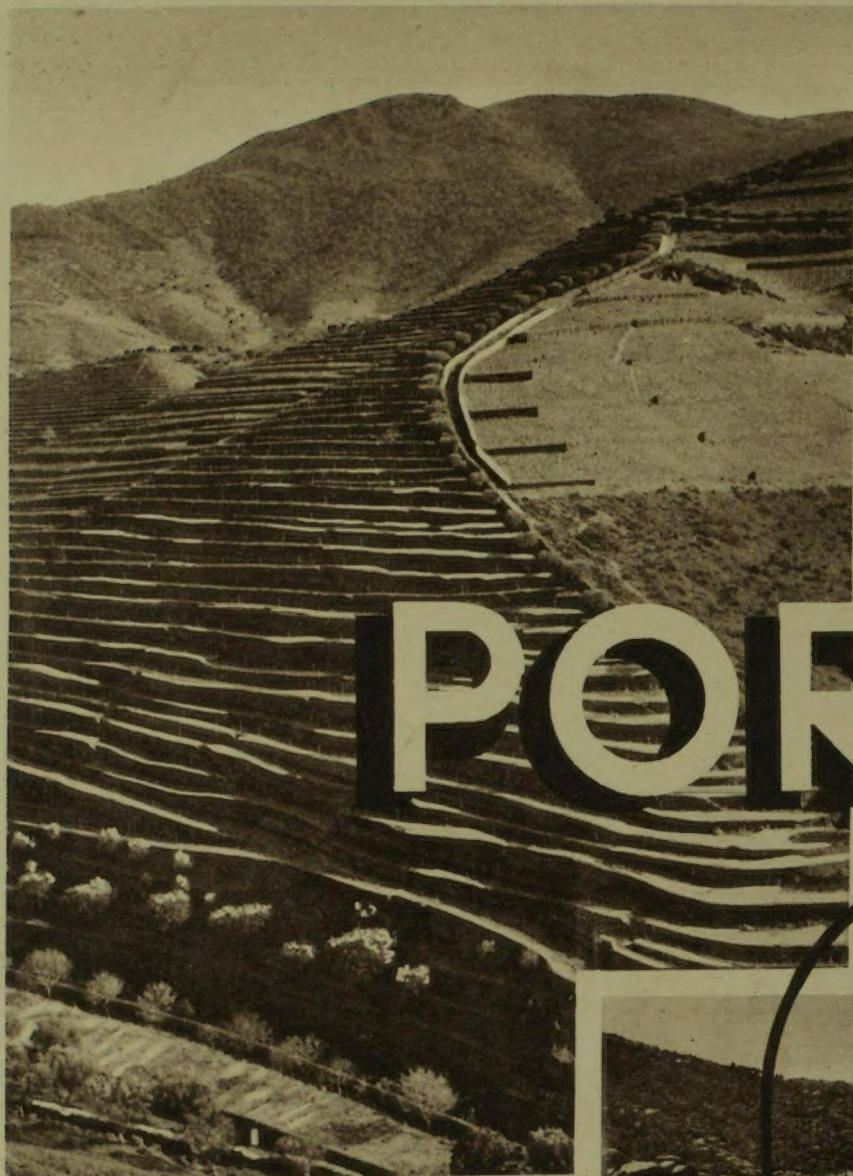
**MONTALEGRE** (Tras-Os-Montes) : Four-towered castle (fourteenth century).

**PORTO de MOZ** (Estremadura) : Ruins of a twelfth-century castle built by Sancho I.

An exciting visit of the many castles can be made by automobile. Stop-overs at the famous pousadas, inns and hotels with their excellent comfort, cuisine and cordial atmosphere will make your stay in Portugal a delightful and rich adventure.







# PORT

A combination of elements blends to make Port Wine—a wine of noblesse, the 'Wine of Kings.' The special soil of the Douro Valley, the mild-warm climate, the quality of the grape and the inspirational love and work of the vineyard grower, permit genuine Port to come only from the Upper Douro vineyards protecting it by law in the United Kingdom. The unmistakable characteristics of aroma, body and flavour distinguish Port from all other wines.

In the region of the Douro, the sun-drenched grape vines are terraced along the banks of the river. Each wine grower has his own methods of cultivation and the precious liquid will attest to his skill and good judgement. The vines are small and knotty, dotted with perfumed grapes and neatly arranged in sandy earth. The Port from the Douro travels in the 'rabelo,' a long-ruddered boat, down to Port Oporto where it rests in the shipper's lodge before it goes on a long journey. Here it reposes, matures, takes on its luscious qualities and develops its many natural gifts. A label is attached to vouch for its authenticity by the Port Wine Institute.

Port may be drunk as a mid-morning tonic and is often recommended by doctors; besides it always flatters the appetite and is a wonderful in-between-meal wine. It can be Ruby and medium sweet: Tawny light and sweetly



For further information, consult: CASA de PORTUGAL, London, New York, Paris; SOLAR de PORTUGAL, Brussels; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Geneva; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Rome.



aged in casks; or White made from golden grapes. The better Ports, whether sweet or dry, are matured in barrels. For every good year there is a Vintage Port, an extraordinary wine matured in bottles.



# PORTUGAL'S

## FOLK-ART

A NOBLE TRADITION—FROM SIMPLE LIFE

From the heart of the people unravels the soul of a nation. In a village square under garlands of flowers and foliated masts, the peasants arrive with their flop-eared donkeys dragging unwieldy carts with a bright array of coloured curtains. The women in their embroidered, checkered shawls and florid skirts chat with one another, while sun-tanned children scamper after the scent of caramel and rice cakes. Amid the sparkling festivities the humble artistic objects relate the daily story of the Portuguese people. Tablecloths, wedding quilts and delicate lace needlework—wrought iron dogs or snakes, pottery designed with fish and strange animals, hand-carved wooden furniture painted with flowers—all these wares express the eloquence of a fervent rustic people.

*Fantasy and a touch of the Orient in the needle artistry of the lace makers.*



*Where the hand and eye meet to form masterpieces of embroidered handwork.*



*Brightly-coloured plates of simple design.*

Popular art is a natural manifestation of life. The boldly coloured prow of a fisherman's boat, the finely chiselled wooden yoke of the oxen, the red flowery skirts of the young girls in the fields, the small hand-moulded pitchers in farmers' cottages reflect a poetic and profound conception of art. In bursting colour (for the Portuguese have a taste for the vivid and the rhythmic), the spectacle whirls on with traditional regional dances and joyful music. Earthenware and wicker baskets are exchanged for woollen goods and forged tools, decorative as well as useful articles for the home and work. Despite the remarkable advance in Portuguese industry, the people keep their ancient popular art and remain faithful, highly-skilled artists and artisans.

*For further information, consult:*

*CASA de PORTUGAL, London, New York, Paris; SOLAR de PORTUGAL, Brussels; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Geneva; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Rome; SECRETARIADO NACIONAL da INFORMAÇÃO, Lisbon.*





The colourful, well-planned restaurant with its typical Portuguese murals and wrought iron panels, in the heart of London's theatreland, is the favourite rendezvous of those who enjoy light entertainment, leisure conversation and the finest of food. While one sips a cool drink from unrivalled cellars of Portuguese and Madeira wines, the soft strains of an accordion playing the haunting melodies of Portugal, blend harmoniously in this gay atmosphere.



## THE BRAGANZA RESTAURANT

*A BIT OF SUNNY PORTUGAL WITH HER FINE CUISINE AND WINES*



The famed reputation of Portuguese dishes—deliciously prepared and elegantly served in style and comfort. An ideal dining spot before and after the theatre. The lounge bar where friends meet offers a congenial mood with before dinner and lunch cocktails. A glorious selection of wines is dedicated to good taste and better eating.

### A TYPICAL MENU:

Caldo Verde—Delicious vegetable soup.

Liguado a Lisboa—Sole stuffed with a filling of shrimps dipped in egg and breadcrumbs and fried.

Frango Piri-Piri—Roast chicken with piquant sauce made with Piri-Piri, garnished with pommes allumettes, rice and tomatoes.

Portuguese Patisseries—Pasteis de Belem, torte de Amendoas, etc.

FOR RESERVATIONS:  
56/57 Frith Street, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: GERrard 5412/6



## ... AN ANCIENT CRAFT

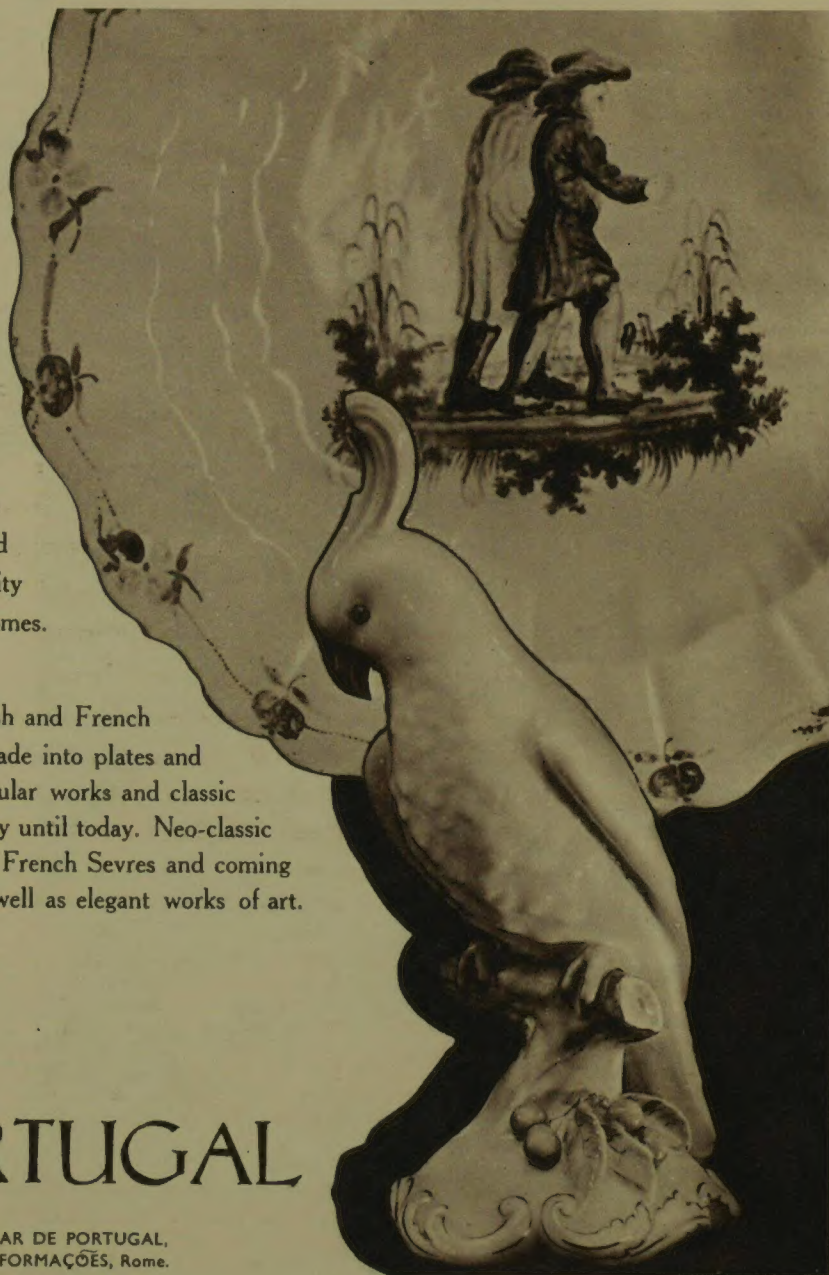
### UNDER SKILFUL HANDS ...

The great quest and interest in Portuguese pottery dates from the 17th century with the "arautive", a rude piece of ceramic found among the kitchenware of the times. In the following century, the popular art of pottery making gathered new vigour in the regions of Viana do Castelo, Juncal and Bica do Sapato. But today they have disappeared in favour of red earthenware plates and dishes coming from Barcelos and Mafra; dark bowls from Negrelos and Bisalhaes; and the spotted various coloured dishes from Niza. The Moorish influence of sun-bleached white plates distinguishes the pottery of Algarve. Pottery is not only a utility but a decoration adorning the walls and mantelpieces of many Portuguese homes.

The porcelain industry in Portugal began in 1824 with models inspired by English and French masterpieces. However, before this date, clay compounds of excellent nature were made into plates and figurines by the founder of Portuguese porcelain art, Bartholomeu da Costa. Popular works and classic presentations of statues in Dresden style and technique have continued in the industry until today. Neo-classic vases from Capo di Monte and utility service sets in handsome porcelain similar to French Sevres and coming from Coimbra and Vila Nova de Gaia have been realised for practical purposes as well as elegant works of art.

## PORCELAIN AND POTTERY OF PORTUGAL

For further information, consult the CASA DE PORTUGAL, London, New York, Paris; SOLAR DE PORTUGAL, Brussels; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS DE INFORMAÇÕES, Geneva; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS DE INFORMAÇÕES, Rome.





# MADEIRA

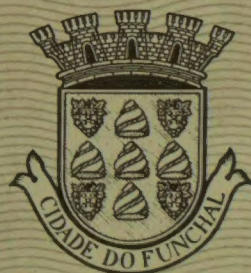


## *Where Winter Takes a Vacation...*

THE fragrant, genial isle of Madeira, basking in an eternal springtime amidst a profusion of flowers and primitive forests, sparkles in the Atlantic some 600 miles west-southwest of Lisbon. A vast, magnificent park with jutting mountain peaks, cascades, green-terraced hillsides and fertile valleys, the island remains one of the few unspoiled paradises of the world. The visitor to this dreamland will enjoy the freshness and the vigour of the Madeirans, who excel in varied crafts and welcome the voyager to delight in the calm and peace of their island. From the limpid morning to the serenity of evening, the island offers an incomparable panorama and bristles with activity and joy. Funchal, the capital and principal port of Madeira, is renowned for its avenues and gardens blazing with wisteria, begonia, jacaranda and orchids, as well as the neatly-arranged shops abounding with Madeiran products and art. Popular festivals and folklore contribute to the gaiety of the island's spectacles, particularly on the night of St. Sylvester (December 31st), when the nearby hills glitter with fireworks and festivities.

The sportsman will find a haven of adventure in mountain climbing, swimming, fishing (deep-sea and under-water), water ski-ing, yachting, golfing at the British Country Club, lawn tennis, etc. The hotels of Madeira differ in their peculiar charm. The celebrated hotels of all categories at Funchal and other coastal towns are habitually surrounded by exotic plants perfuming the air.

Madeira is reached by sea from London, Southampton and Lisbon. From London the journey takes four restful days and, for those who prefer a shorter voyage, modern air travel in a Flying Boat from Southampton transports the passenger in but a few hours. The sunny isle of Madeira will continue to captivate the memory long after it has enchanted the heart with its gracious beauty.



For further information, consult: CASA de PORTUGAL, London; CASA de PORTUGAL, New York; CASA de PORTUGAL, Paris; SOLAR de PORTUGAL, Brussels; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Geneva; CENTRO PORTUGUÊS de INFORMAÇÕES, Rome; SECRETARIADO NACIONAL da INFORMAÇÃO, Lisbon.



# Treasures of MADEIRA

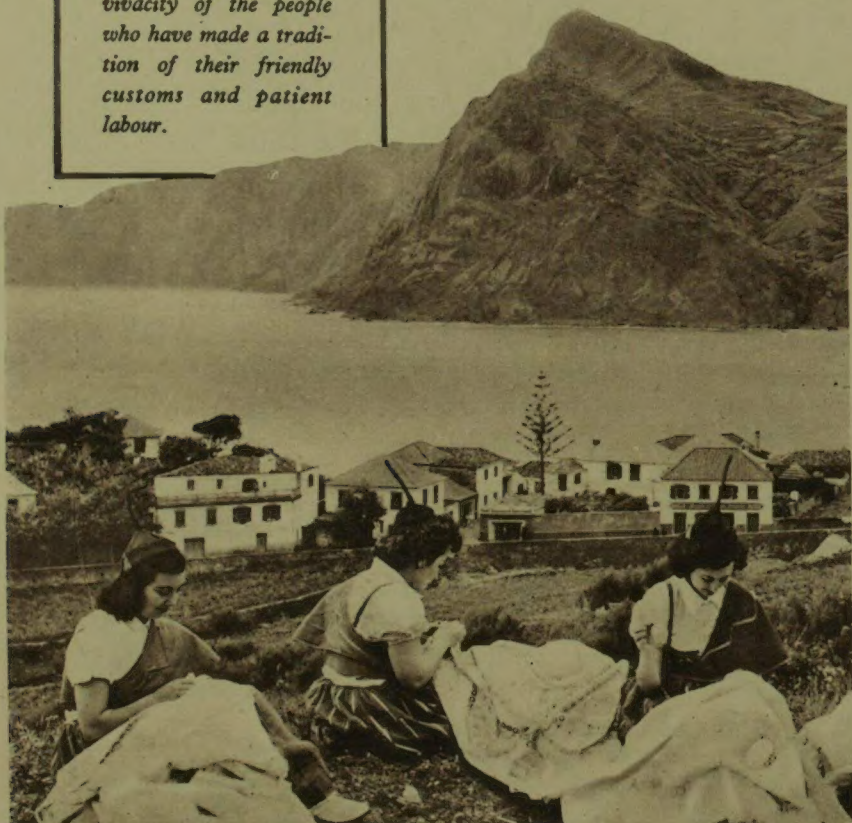


## Harmonious Island Of Plenty

Madeira sprouts like a rough-clad gem in the Atlantic. Fabulously blessed with an abundance of nature's miracles—fruit (figs, apples, bananas, mangoes, grapes, pears, etc.), mountains, valleys, trees, flowers—a cornucopia of delight, the islanders have transformed this rude isle into a polished jewel. Madeira, the enchantress, is noble in its work and joyful at play. The visitor to the island will take pride in his discovery of an ardent friendly people who have ornamented their Atlantic Garden of Eden with the treasures of life for all to participate and behold the admirable beauty of the work of nature and man.

The intricate patterns and superb designs of Madeira embroidery and lace are displayed in the island's shop windows and grand hotels. The nimble artistic hands of the native women, some 70,000 from the ages of eight to eighty-eight, have fashioned these amazing masterpieces of lace-work, finding a welcome market throughout the world. Baskets, garden chairs and fantasies which add to the colourful array of export articles are skilfully woven by the island's artisans.

*Madeira folklore unfurls in the gay colours of the costumes, the rhythmic dances, the island songs, the poetry of the language, and the vivacity of the people who have made a tradition of their friendly customs and patient labour.*



## Raise your Christmas glass to Madeira Wines

Here's a bright way to make this year's Christmas different—and yourself the most popular person in the family.

Make it a Madeira wine Christmas! There are Madeira wines for each occasion and they'll be a success with everyone.

Consider Sercial—a really dry wine with a very special flavour that will soften the heart of any connoisseur.

Then there's Malmsey, honeyed, rich and luscious enough to make a Falstaff speak immortal poetry.

Neither as dry or sweet as these are golden Verdelho—a soft, medium wine, and the ever-popular Bual, a rich and full-bodied one.

These are the wines of Madeira and as fine a foursome you'll ever raise your glass to.

You'll soon discover why our Victorian grandparents—who knew everything about Christmas—simply adored Madeira wines.



## Madeira Wine

—AS FINE  
AS WINE CAN BE





An interior view of the University library

Patio of the ancient University at Coimbra

At Coimbra visit the University, Sé Velha, São Salvador Church, São Tiago Church,



Santa Clara Convent, Santa Maria de Celas, Santa Cruz, Machado de Castro Museum.

Surrounding Coimbra: 'Volta de Conraria,' Pinhal de Marrocos, Calhabé, Torres do Mondego, Tovim; S. Marcos, Tentugal, Penacova Luso, Bussaco, Curia, Figueira da Foz.

# Coimbra

## The Cradle of Portuguese Culture

ON the upper right bank of the Mondego River, like an amphitheatre, rises the picturesque and noble city of Coimbra, renowned as the centre of Portuguese artistic culture. The University at Coimbra is a stalwart monument with great spacious halls, rooms and a sumptuous library of some 150,000 books. The adjoining chapel, constructed at the beginning of the city's prominence in the sixteenth century, is in Manueline style architecture with an elaborate portal. The Santa Cruz Church, a former monastery, a twelfth-century Romanesque fortress (now the old Sé Velha Cathedral), and an important museum containing specimens of goldsmith and silversmith work, tapestry and embroidery, are only a few of the wonders of garden-scented Coimbra.



# FIGUEIRA da FOZ

## Azure Skies and Golden Sands

AT the mouth of the Mondego, some thirty miles from Coimbra, glitters Figueira da Foz, one of the most frequented sea resorts in the country. The long stretch of soft sand under an habitually yellow sun has earned the name of the "Beach of Light."

The bathing quarter is entirely modern with casinos, hotels and cafes. In contrast, Figueira da Foz possesses a museum of prehistoric and Roman antiquity objects such as pottery, ivory, glassware, etc. The fishing village of Buarcos with its pillories of the sixteenth century on the beach and strange old ships used for storage is an unusual sight for tourists. Seven miles away, Serra da Boa Viagem proudly unveils its small range of hills with eucalyptus and pine.







# Hotel Tivoli

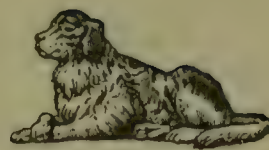
LISBON  
PORTUGAL

Completely new with 160 rooms and 15 suites with the most modern installations assuring privacy through the aid of sound-proof interiors, Hotel Tivoli stands in the heart of Lisbon and affords a superb panoramic view. In luxuriant splendour, with its fashionable restaurant and bar, the Tivoli reigns as the most modern hotel in Portugal.

**A**N hotel de luxe in an historic palace of the 18th century, Hotel Palacio is situated in the fairyland region of Sintra amid verdant forests overlooking the sea. The comfort of utmost refinement harmonises with the royal grace of the Palace architecture and the marvellous site and majestic gardens of Sintra. This 'glorious garden of Eden' is unique in its grandeur, serene beauty and calm.

HOTEL

# Palacio dos Seteais SINTRA



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IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY WHEN MANY PORTUGUESE SAILING VESSELS WERE STILL CRUISING THE SEVEN SEAS, THE SHIPS, THOSE ON BOARD AND THEIR GOODS WERE ALREADY INSURED WITH **FIDELIDADE**



INSURANCE & REINSURANCE



# PORTUGAL'S BEAUTIFUL PROVINCES OF

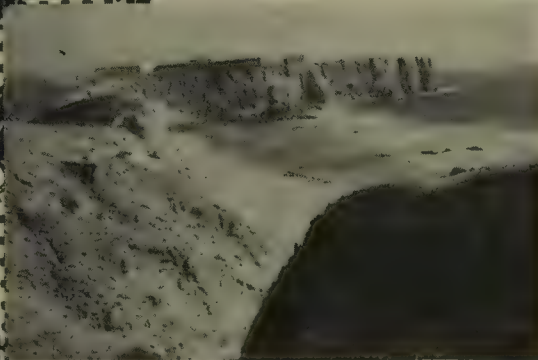
## Alentejo & Algarve

**ALENTEJO** is the most characteristic and one of the richest Provinces of Portugal. The extensive plains and gently undulating lands are especially beautiful. Many of the towns are old fortresses, with the original walls, castles and gates still intact. Estremoz, Évora, Elvas, Montemor, Vila Viçosa and Beja are typical Alentejo towns. **THE ALGARVE** enjoys an incomparable situation with a privileged climate which is mainly responsible for its abundance of colour and flowers making it the true garden of Portugal. Fishing is the main industry of the Algarve and over a hundred miles of Atlantic coast-line many fishing fleets gather, presenting a beautiful picture of brilliant colour.



**EVORA** is indeed a Museum Town, with Roman Monuments, such as the Temple of Diana, the walls and gates and many churches of great beauty. A number of stately homes and typical old Portuguese houses add to its charm.

**ALENTEJO VILLAGE**  
The extensive plains of the Alentejo are dotted with "Montes" and sunbaked villages. The people are industrious and gay... always there is sun and generous Portuguese hospitality.



**ALGARVE COAST:** A true paradise for those who love the sea. Sailing, fishing, bathing, and under-water exploration, can be enjoyed at their best along the imposing and picturesque coast from Sagres, where Henry the Navigator founded his School, to Vila Real de Santo Antonio.

For literature apply to Casa de Portugal, 20, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.1, or your usual travel agent.



# *The wonderful gateway to Europe*



## LISBON

### *City of Contrasts*

There is not one Lisbon, but many. The old city of Ulysses is a city of light, a veritable impressionistic painting where the brightness of the sky reflects in the eyes of a child. The gold of the sun dapples on the rude stones of the street and the old houses and churches like so many cuts of diamonds. The clear play of shadows across the multi-coloured hillsides, gay and crisp in varied reliefs, quiver their reflections in the elongated mirror of the Tage River.

And Lisbon is composed of a thousand colours harmonizing perfectly with the luminosity of the sun. On the hilly slopes open windows display the pageantry of colour with their canary cages, bright linen and decorated vases of flowers. Above the windows are the rooftops bordering the sky, and the homes in their rustic simplicity follow the narrow streets to the river. The city centres around Saint George's Castle recalling a vivid history wrapped in honour, temperament and a mood expressed in the regal arrangement of the lovely gardens.

Lisbon is a maritime port and the haunting intrigue of distant places is alive in the air. The Manueline style of architecture with its oriental mysterious lure combines with the baroque of opulent Europe and the dynamism of Brazil under the aromatized palms and exotic promenade.

The enthusiasm of the Portuguese brightens the future of Lisbon. The abundant riches of art, contemporary as well as ancient, medicine, ethnology and commerce elevate Lisbon as a foremost European port bristling with life, music and science.

*Modern hotels in exquisite taste provide the most recent comforts, and Lisbon night life is filled with gaiety and music. Fine restaurants offer typical Portuguese menus with a touch of Oriental cuisine. Excursions from Lisbon by car or train to the many beauty spots of Portugal are available throughout the year.*

For further information and documentation:  
CASA de PORTUGAL, 20 Lower Regent St., LONDON  
CASA de PORTUGAL, 7 Rue Scribe, PARIS



CASA de PORTUGAL, 630 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK  
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SOLAR de PORTUGAL, 13 Grand Place, BRUSSELS



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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1957.



THE MAKER OF MODERN PORTUGAL AND ITS PRIME MINISTER FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: DR. OLIVEIRA SALAZAR.

Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar has held office as Prime Minister of Portugal since 1932. Formerly a Professor of Economics at Coimbra University, he assumed wide powers—which have since increased—when in 1928 he was made Finance Minister and was called upon to rescue Portugal from a state of near economic chaos. Since that time, the country has balanced its budget every year, and there has been steady but unspectacular progress

in many different spheres of the national life. In the election last month in which the National Assembly for the next four years was elected, the party supporting Dr. Salazar won all the seats, most of the Opposition candidates having boycotted the election. Dr. Salazar is sixty-seven, and for some time now the Minister of the Presidency, Professor Marcelo Caetano, who is fifty-one, has been regarded by many as Dr. Salazar's heir presumptive.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ALL over the world the forces that repudiate equality, justice, truth and the necessity for love seem to be growing stronger, and the areas of the earth's populated surface are shrinking where Christianity and the ideals derived from Christianity are accepted as a guide for man. The era in which Western society accepted the concept of progress and of the expansion of Christian or liberal ideas has come to a harsh, grinding end, or seems about to do so. That man should seek his ends by violence, injustice and deliberate mendacity has become axiomatic to a large and increasingly powerful part of humanity, and the rules of conduct that were honoured, at least in name, by our parents and grandparents are being repudiated or ignored by millions, even in this nominally Christian country. On cinema and television screen, on our hustling speed-track highways where a hundred are killed and a thousand maimed every week, in novelette and newspaper violence in one form or another has become accepted as part of the normal fare, not only of adults, but of children, and the morality of "the Western" and the "Teddy Boys'" gang seems to be gradually superseding that of the Sermon on the Mount. If the present trend continues for another generation Christianity may have become an extinct creed even in the West. Or so one is driven to conclude from a daily reading of our popular national Press—itsself, with a few honourable exceptions, a harbinger of the new creed of "toughness," that is, of rudeness, misrepresentation, malice and envy. And outside this sheltered island slavery, the torture-chamber and mass slaughter have triumphantly come back into their own. Not for a century would the Devil appear to have had it so good on earth and, in the part of the world formerly called Christendom, not for hundreds of years.

Yet at this season we are reminded that close on 2000 years ago, in a far more cruel age even than ours, a poor Jewish woman, taking shelter for the night with her husband in the stable of an overcrowded inn, gave birth to a Child named Jesus, whose life and teaching changed the course of history, and whom those who knew Him best, and countless millions of others since who have received their testimony, believed to have been divine. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth." The whole teaching of this Man, whether viewed as divine or human—and every recorded act of His life and death underlined that teaching—was that only by love and self-renunciation can men attain to happiness in this world and eternal life in some other. This teaching was partly based on the profound religion and philosophy of the ancient Hebrews, but the greater part of it was completely new and personal to Jesus Himself. It ran counter to the prevailing belief and practice of every State of the Orient and of the new Mediterranean Empire which was bidding at that moment for universal dominion and which already ruled the whole of the world into which Jesus was born. Its exposition led its lonely teacher to a felon's death of torment and shame on the Cross and the apparent complete triumph of the forces of cruelty, envy, malice and misrepresentation. And in the hour when, crucified in the place called Calvary, true to His life's teaching, Jesus, looking down from the Cross, was heard to murmur, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

In this season it is not the end of Christ's life that we recall, but the beginning. We think of the manger, the babe in the straw, the mother looking down on her treasure with eyes full of love and wonder, the Wise Men kneeling before

them in awe and thankfulness, and the simple shepherds who received the glad tidings in the starlit fields, "And the angel said unto them, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.'" For a few hours, as the traffic and turmoil of the twentieth century is stilled, it has become a fixed convention that we stop and listen to those tidings and rejoice with one another that such a Man was born into the world to redeem its darkness and cruelty.

What does it all mean? A superstitious tale embroidered by the ages about an obscure Hebrew artisan who lived so long ago that no trace of his life save legend remains? An echo of comforting

unscathed and triumphant through every vicissitude and disaster?

And when so sad thou canst no sadder  
Cry and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Nothing that is achievable is harder to carry out than the creed Christ taught and lived; yet nothing is more clearly provable by history, that it is possible for a man, through an act of supreme self-surrender, to follow Christ's precept and, by doing so, to find release for himself and to light a beacon in the hearts of others, both living and unborn. From the first disciples to men like Gordon and Shaftesbury in our own age, from the earliest martyrs to obscure slum parsons and missionaries living and working on earth to-day, the magic of Christ's teaching has repeatedly flowered in the unlikely soil of humanity.

As of old St. Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

It is a paradox, but a heartening one, that, while the ancient pillars of Christendom seem to be crumbling in the Christian West, men and women, many of them of our own race, are at this moment telling, "in heathen lands afar," those who have never before heard the story of the infant birth in Bethlehem that on 364 days of the year we take for granted and that comes to those who hear it for the first time with the force of some great explosive discovery. We forget that throughout history Christianity has constantly been ebbing and flowing; that while it has receded at one point, it has advanced at some other. Before me as I write lies a small reminder of the mysterious power that causes men to devote their whole lives to bringing the Christian message to those who but for them would never have the opportunity of hearing it: a modest suggestion from the Evangelical Alliance that readers of this paper might be able to give some assistance to missionary workers in lands far from home by posting on their copies when they have no further use for them. It is suggested that any reader interested might write to the Evangelical Alliance (at 30, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1), who would supply the name and address of some missionary to whom the paper would be of interest. It seems a touchingly small request to make, when set against the service that such men and women perform, not only to those they minister to, but to the cause of Christendom.

For mankind's supreme need is that Christianity itself should survive. The commemoration of Christ's birth reminds us that it is the responsibility of us all, weak, foolish and congenitally erring creatures though we are, that it should do so. In the words of the great man who for thirty-one years wrote this page:

Babe of the thousand birthdays, we that are young yet grey,  
White with the centuries, still can find no better thing to say,  
We that with sects and whims and wars have wasted Christmas Day,  
Light Thou Thy censor to Thyself, for all our fires are dim,  
Stamp Thou Thine image on our coins, for Cæsar's face grows grim,  
And a dumb devil of pride and greed has taken hold of him.  
We bring Thee back great Christendom, churches and towns and towers,  
And if our hands are glad, O God, to cast them down like flowers.  
'Tis not that they enrich Thine hands, but they are saved from ours.\*

\* G. K. Chesterton, "Collected Poems."

## THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL.



PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC SINCE 1951:  
GENERAL FRANCISCO HIGINO CRAVEIRO LOPES.

Portugal was a monarchy until 1910, when after a short revolution the Republic was proclaimed and a provisional Government was established with Dr. Teófilo Braga as the provisional President. General Craveiro Lopes, who was born in 1894, was elected in 1951, being the first President to be elected under an amendment of the Constitution allowing for a seven-year term of office. In October 1955 the President and his wife paid a three-day State visit to this country, which was returned in February of this year when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid a four-day State visit to Portugal. President Craveiro Lopes comes from a family with long and distinguished military traditions.

phrases learnt in childhood sounding through the memory as the Christmas bells and carols ring out in street and on radio? A patter repeated by the Establishment to win the acquiescence of an increasingly estranged generation for an outworn and now meaningless morality? Or is it the answer which we are all subconsciously seeking and for which each generation seeks in turn, as his hopes and ideals are drowned in the inevitable flood of human wickedness, helplessness and mortality—the Christmas message of a Child born to all the ills of our condition who met His successive disasters—poverty, misrepresentation, persecution, failure, death—with a formula born of some divine inner compulsion that every man can test, and at any moment, for himself: that by loving and serving others a man can forget himself and his own woe, that by losing his life he can find it, that by casting himself "on the faith engendered by this remote but ever-present Being's life he can find a strength that can carry him



## THE TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: PERSONALITIES, DOGS AND A TRACTOR.



THE TRADITIONAL FORM OF TRANSPORT IN THE ANTARCTIC: A TEAM OF HUSKIES DRAWING A SLEDGE AT SCOTT BASE.

ON October 14 the New Zealand team, led by Sir Edmund Hillary, set out from Scott Base on the 700-mile trek to Depot 700, where it is hoped that they will meet the main party of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, led by Dr. E. V. Fuchs, in January. Sir Edmund's party were making rapid progress with the aid of three Ferguson tractors and a Weasel, which were at one stage reported to have ousted the traditional dog-teams. The task of the New Zealand team was to set up several depots, to be used by Dr. Fuchs' party on the last leg of their journey to Scott Base. The main party are faced with a heavier task, and their 2000-mile trek across the Antarctic from Shackleton Base began on November 24. The 400-mile route to the first objective—South Ice—was fraught with difficulties and progress was slower than was expected, though at the time of writing Dr. Fuchs was reported to be very close to South Ice, from which he was to start on the 500-mile trek to the South Pole, much of it over unknown territory. On December 13 two dog-teams of Sir Edmund Hillary's party were stated to have reached their objective, Depot 700.



A NEW FORM OF TRANSPORT FOR THE TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION: ONE OF THE THREE FERGUSON TRACTORS WHICH SIR EDMUND HILLARY'S PARTY IS USING. THESE TRACTORS ARE BASICALLY THE NORMAL MODEL FITTED WITH TRACKS.



MAKING A STRIKING PICTURE UNDER THE MIDNIGHT SUN AT McMurDO SOUND, WHERE A UNITED STATES BASE IS ALSO SITUATED: ONE OF THE NEW ZEALAND PARTY WITH HIS DOG-TEAM.



NOW AN ADVISER TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY ON COLD-WEATHER CLOTHING: SIR HUBERT WILKINS, THE AUSTRALIAN VETERAN OF A NUMBER OF ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.



WITH MEMBERS OF HIS PARTY AT SCOTT BASE: SIR EDMUND HILLARY, WHO IS LEADING THE NEW ZEALAND PARTY OF THE COMMONWEALTH EXPEDITION, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE I.G.Y. ACTIVITIES IN ANTARCTICA.



# ROYAL OCCASIONS; A KINGSWAY PROJECT; AND A NEW COMMON SEAL.



A MODEL OF THE BUILDING PROPOSED TO OCCUPY THE STOLL THEATRE SITE IN KINGSWAY; ONE OF A NUMBER OF EXHIBITS AT THE CRITERION.

This model of the design by the architects, Lewis Solomon, Son and Joseph, for the office building which is proposed to replace the Stoll Theatre is one of a number now on exhibition illustrating the "Changing Face of London," with models and impressions of new and forthcoming buildings.

(Right.)

PRINCESS MARGARET TALKING TO ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE LEWISHAM TRAIN DISASTER DURING A SURPRISE VISIT SHE PAID TO LEWISHAM HOSPITAL.

On December 12 Princess Margaret was opening a new wing of the Church of England School at Lee, Northbrook, when she decided to pay a visit to the victims of the Lewisham train disaster who were still in Lewisham Hospital. During her visit she spoke to them all in the wards, gaily decorated for Christmas. The matron of the hospital, Miss Margery Bell, received notice of the Princess' visit by telephone, only 20 minutes before it took place.



THE NEW COMMON SEAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON: OBTVERSE (LEFT) AND REVERSE, PRINTED IN REVERSE SO THAT THE INSCRIPTIONS MAY BE READ. The obverse, which bears the inscription "*Sigillum Baronum Londinarium*" ("Seal of the Barons of London"), repeats the device used since before 1219; the reverse, inscribed "*Deus Optime Cives Londinii Defende Tuos*" ("Most gracious God defend thy citizens of London"), bears the arms as they appear in the 1539 seal.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT THE ORIGINAL WHITTLE GAS TURBINE ENGINE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE SCHOOL OF GAS TURBINE TECHNOLOGY. In the morning of December 10, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the School of Gas Turbine Technology and the Power Jets Consultancy Department at Farnborough. In the afternoon he went to Twickenham and saw Oxford beat Cambridge in the University Rugby match.



AT THE CENTENARY RECEPTION OF THE ALPINE CLUB: HER MAJESTY WITH SIR JOHN HUNT. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. The Alpine Club, which celebrated its centenary with this reception at Lincoln's Inn on December 9, was founded at a meeting in Covent Garden on December 22, 1857, and came into being with twenty-eight founder members. It is the oldest Alpine club in the world.



# RIOTS IN CYPRUS; AND SIR HUGH FOOT'S WALK THROUGH NICOSIA.



DURING A BATTLE BETWEEN TROOPS AND GREEK CYPRIOT STUDENTS AT THE PAN-CYPRIAN GYMNASIUM IN NICOSIA: WOMEN TAKING A SACK OF EMPTY BOTTLES TO THE GYMNASIUM.



IN NICOSIA ON DECEMBER 10: GREEK CYPRIOT STUDENTS STANDING ON THE ROOF OF THE PAN-CYPRIAN GYMNASIUM FROM WHICH THEY BOMBARDED THE SECURITY FORCES.



DURING THE RIOTS: THE CHIEF OF THE TURKISH MOBILE POLICE RESERVE (RIGHT) ASKING FOR A FURTHER SUPPLY OF TEAR-GAS BOMBS TO USE IN HIS GUN.



IN NICOSIA ON DECEMBER 9: YOUNGSTERS CLIMBING THE 60-FT. BELFRY OF THE PHANEROMENI GREEK CHURCH FROM WHICH THEY BOMBARDED THE CROWD WITH STONES.



BEING ARRESTED BY MILITARY POLICE: A GREEK CYPRIOT GIRL WHO WAS AMONG THOSE WHO CLIMBED UP TO THE BELFRY OF THE PHANEROMENI GREEK CHURCH.



A BOLD GESTURE WHICH WON APPLAUSE FROM BOTH GREEK AND TURKISH CYPRIOTS: SIR HUGH FOOT (CENTRE, LEFT) WALKING THROUGH NICOSIA ACCOMPANIED BY THE COMMISSIONER FOR NICOSIA.



VIRTUALLY UNESCORTED: SIR HUGH FOOT, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS (BAREHEADED CENTRE), WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS OF NICOSIA ON DECEMBER 12.

On December 9 disturbances broke out all over Cyprus on the occasion of the start of the United Nations debate on the island. On this day trouble in Nicosia was not so serious as elsewhere, although a number of youngsters climbed the 60-ft. belfry of the Phaneromeni Greek Church and bombarded the crowd with stones. On the following day serious communal rioting broke out in the capital and about 100 people were hurt and some 68 arrested. For nearly three hours a battle raged between security forces and Greek Cypriot

students at the Pan-Cyprian gymnasium. A number of students climbed on the roof of the building and from there threw sticks, stones and bottles on to the police. In the evening the new Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, who had only been in Cyprus a week, broadcast a fresh appeal for peace. On December 12 Greek and Turkish Cypriots alike applauded Sir Hugh Foot when he walked through the streets of Nicosia, virtually unescorted, to talk with townspeople and assess the situation for himself after the two days of rioting.



SINCE the Government of Northern Ireland was established after the First World War its Border has always been a problem. It has, however, been by no means continuously troubled. Every now and again a militant body in what is now the Republic of Ireland has organised a campaign of terrorism and destruction, but between such phases there have been peaceable periods, often long ones. This militant body possesses adherents resident in Northern Ireland, and its members outside and inside commonly work in concert. It has apparently declined in numbers and certainly in public support, but not since its earliest days has it been more active and murderous than during the long campaign still in progress.

Like so many of the ills of Ireland, these activities have their roots in history. In a sense they go back to the Plantation, or colonising, of Ulster by King James I with English and Scots. That is a matter of three and a half centuries. However, their avowed aims, and, indeed, aspirations and arguments, advanced by many peaceful and law-abiding Irishmen hostile to the partition of the country, are concerned with more recent history. The Border, it is asserted, was imposed on Ireland by a British Government and has been

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ON "THE BORDER" IN WINTER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

of the attitude of that of the Irish Republic. In this respect the policy of Mr. de Valera has been bolder than that of his predecessor. I personally know a good many Irishmen who would like to see partition ended, but none who consider that means other than peaceful persuasion should be adopted. Democratic ideas, a feeling that terrorism inspires increased determination to stand out, and a combination of both sentiments all point in the same direction.

The present campaign has been long and persistent. It was carefully planned at the start by a brain, or brains, of considerable military ability. The tools were not, however, adequate for the grandiose tasks which they were allotted. The attack on the communications of Northern Ireland was to have been sudden, far-reaching in effect, and strong enough to give defensive measures no chance. The whole network was to have been

this is so there is no hesitation about giving it, and they have been called upon on a number of occasions. In general, however, the trouble is one with which an armed constabulary can best cope, and the policy is that they should do so here. To turn soldiers into police is inadvisable unless it becomes a sheer necessity. They have in any event to take extra precautions for the safety of their arms and ammunition in a situation like that in Northern Ireland to-day.

The citizen going on his lawful ways and occasions has to put up with some inconvenience. Driving at night he is often enough held up for a police check, and as this may happen at unexpected places—it would not be much good if only fixed check-points were used—he must, if he is wise, drive slowly, and so take a long time to reach a distant destination. No harm can be done by the admission, since the fact is obvious to all, that the raiding has a certain nuisance value from the raiders' point of view. If they all go to bed on a wet and stormy night it is with the satisfaction that they are keeping a lot of other people up and out of doors. This, of course, is a commonplace regarding many disturbers of society, down to delinquent youths of fifteen.



SHOWING THE BORDER BETWEEN NORTHERN IRELAND AND THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND: A MAP ILLUSTRATING CAPTAIN FALLS' ARTICLE ON THE CURRENT IRISH SITUATION. [Copyright of "The Times"—Reproduced by permission.]

maintained by British arms. In fact, the Border was offered with reluctance by the British Government and initially received without enthusiasm by the people of Northern Ireland. It was a compromise to put an end to chaos. It was accepted by Dublin just as fully as by Belfast.

The second part of the case against Northern Ireland is that it encloses within the Border a considerable minority who would prefer to be members of the Irish Republic. It is, however, impossible to avoid the creation of minorities when tracing frontiers. A substantial minority who objected to a Dublin Parliament had to make the best of things under its rule. Criticism of the splitting of the old province of Ulster by handing over to that Parliament the counties of Monaghan, Cavan and Donegal is out of place. They were shed prudently, though with regret, because there existed in all three a large majority which did not desire to form part of Northern Ireland. The partition line accepted on all sides was the fairest and most workable.

I have mentioned a decline of public support for the guerrilla operations against Northern Ireland by comparison with earlier ones. This applies not only to opinion in Great Britain and the United States but also in the Irish Republic. In the first stage of these attacks the Government of Northern Ireland had to complain very strongly

shattered. By comparison with the aims the results were slight. Since then the effort appears to have been on a smaller scale, though it is difficult to be sure of this because the growth and tighter organisation of security measures are to some extent imponderable in their effects. One can hardly doubt that there has been some slackening.

To presume that terrorism will never grow worse would be most imprudent. Such is assuredly not the view of Lord Brookeborough and the rest of the Government of Northern Ireland. At the head of this article stands the word "winter." It does not mean merely that patrols and other security measures are more trying during this season. Its chief significance is that long nights and covered skies are the raiders' opportunity. If the warming up which was expected by the beginning of December has not occurred up to the time of writing, that does not justify the belief that it will not come. Many dark and wintry nights lie ahead. Far from relaxing defence, it has constantly to be reviewed and strengthened where necessary.

It is neither an easy nor a pleasant task. It involves hard and unceasing activity for the regular constabulary, the whole-time special constabulary, and the part-time. The troops of Northern Ireland District stand in the background unless something occurs which makes their aid necessary. When

If, however, I have given the impression that Northern Ireland is perturbed by these events, I must apologise for having created such a misunderstanding. The terrorists have not succeeded in terrorising the community. As for any suggestion that their action has brought any nearer the ending of partition, it would regard this as ludicrous. When I was in Ulster last September I had a long conversation with the Prime Minister, venturing to take his time because I had known him from childhood, and talked with several others. No single individual in Belfast or elsewhere addressed a word to me on the subject until I had brought it up myself. Perhaps they thought that to take the initiative in this respect with a visitor, even though an Ulsterman by origin, would be unseemly.

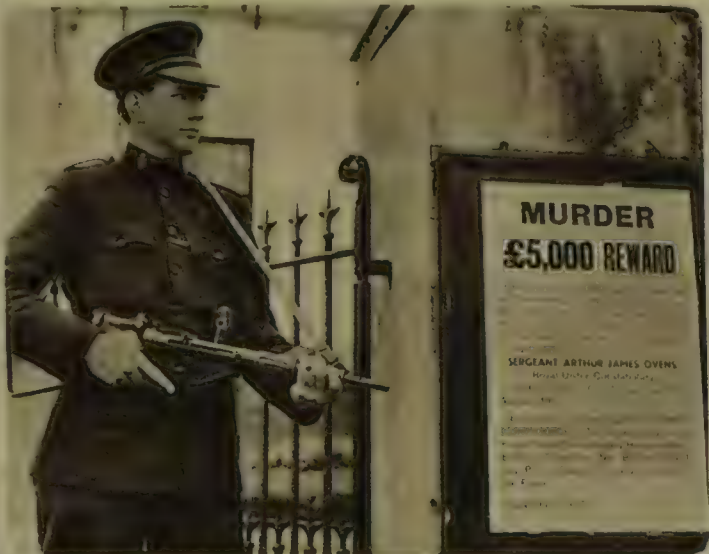
Even if they would like to see their worries better appreciated on the other side of the Irish Sea than is the case, they are not going to say so. This reticence comes easily to them because they are made that way. One habit which comes less easily is that of restraining outbreaks of temper. They have done this, too, and to my mind it is the finest feature of the whole affair. The provocation to indulge in reprisals, which are only too common in Ireland, has been great, but it has been resisted. Everyone who goes to visit them on business, or on pleasure when spring comes round, will find them what they have always been.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



CEASELESS VIGILANCE ON THE EIRE-ULSTER BORDER: A SPOTTER AIRCRAFT OVER BELLEEK, IN COUNTY FERMANAGH, WHERE A CUSTOMS HUT WAS BLOWN UP BY MASKED MEN ON DECEMBER 6.



BESIDE A NOTICE OFFERING A REWARD CONCERNING THE MURDER OF SERGEANT OVENS: A STEN-GUN-ARMED CONSTABLE ON DUTY.



MAINTAINING CONTACT WITH THEIR BASE BY "WALKIE-TALKIE": MEN OF THE ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY SEARCHING A LONELY RUINED FARMHOUSE.



AS THE FIELD REPORTS COME IN, THE RADIO-OPERATOR PASSES ON THE INFORMATION WHICH IS RECORDED ON THE OPERATION-MAP, IN A POLICE HEADQUARTERS IN THE SIX COUNTIES.



THE CHIEF OBJECTIVES OF THE TERRORISTS HAVE BEEN COMMUNICATIONS, AND SUPPLIES OF ARMS; AND MANY ATTACKS HAVE BEEN MADE ON POLICE BARRACKS, WHICH ARE NOW FORTIFIED.



READY FOR ACTION IN A SANDBAGGED DEFENSIVE POST LIKE THAT SHOWN ON THE LEFT: A POLICE GUARD, ARMED WITH A LOADED BREN GUN.

"THE BORDER," NORTHERN IRELAND: THE HARD AND UNCEASING DUTIES OF THE ROYAL ULSTER CONSTABULARY.

In his article on "The Border" in winter, on page 1072, Captain Falls, after talking of the long, active and murderous campaign of the terrorists now in progress, discusses at some length the defensive measures made necessary by this campaign. The terrorists have, as always in such campaigns, one great advantage: they can strike where and when they choose and can rest, disperse or regroup in between times; the defence

can never afford to relax at any time or in any place. Their task, Captain Falls writes, "involves hard and unceasing activity" for the forces of law and order. These are the regular constabulary, the wholetime special constabulary and the part-time specials—and it is their patrols which we illustrate. Troops are indeed in the background, but the trouble is one "with which an armed constabulary can best cope."



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



IFNI, MOROCCO. SEIZED BY THE MOROCCAN INSURGENTS: THE SPANISH POST OF ISSEG, IN THE NORTH OF THE ENCLAVE, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED. It was announced on December 10 that Spanish losses in the seventeen days' fighting in Ifni, the Spanish enclave in Southern Morocco, totalled 61 killed and 128 wounded. They comprised: five officers killed and 13 wounded, and 56 other ranks killed and 115 wounded. The communiqué said that the system of small garrisons, which were cut off in the first onslaught by the Moroccan insurgents, was being abandoned and the Spanish forces were being reorganised into large units.



IFNI, MOROCCO. EVACUATED BY THE SPANISH FORCES AFTER THE RECENT FIGHTING: THE FORTRESS OF TILIUIN, ON THE SOUTHERN BORDERS OF THE ENCLAVE.



THE NETHERLANDS. BOUND FOR WEST NEW GUINEA WATERS: A DUTCH FRIGATE SAILING OUT OF THE NAVAL BASE OF DEN HELDER ON DECEMBER 10. Soon after the outbreak of the anti-Dutch campaign in Indonesia—which is based on the Indonesian demands for West New Guinea—Dutch naval units were despatched to West New Guinea waters and, at the time of writing, two destroyers and two frigates were on their way. One task for these ships will be the escort of any K.P.M. vessels which might succeed in sailing out of Indonesian harbours.



THE UNITED STATES. ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY STRIKE: QUEUES OF SLOWLY MOVING CARS MAKING THEIR WAY TO MANHATTAN.



THE UNITED STATES. AT THE HEIGHT OF THE NEW YORK SUBWAY STRIKE: PASSENGERS CROWDING INTO A STATION ON AN UNAFFECTED SUBWAY LINE. At the time of writing, the strike of the Motormen's Benevolent Association, which started on December 9, and crippled New York's underground railways, widely disrupted surface transport and held up much of the city's activities for four days, seems likely to be ending. On December 12 many more drivers returned to work and the police reported that in the morning rush hour on that day the underground train service had improved and was 70 per cent. normal.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



DISFIGURED WITH SLOGANS DEMANDING THAT WESTERN NEW GUINEA BE HANDED TO INDONESIA: THE JAKARTA OFFICES OF THE KONINKLIJK PAKETVAART MAATSCHAPPIJ.



ANOTHER BUILDING IN JAKARTA WITH SLOGANS CONCERNING WESTERN NEW GUINEA SCRAWLED ON IT: THE OFFICES OF THE SHELL COMPANY. DUTCH CONCERNS IN INDONESIA WERE OFFICIALLY SEIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT.



AFTER THE ATTEMPT TO KILL PRESIDENT SUKARNO OF INDONESIA ON NOVEMBER 30: A SOLDIER STANDING GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SCHOOL AT JIKINI.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE PRESIDENT'S CAR, SHOWING THE HOLES TORN IN THE WING BY GRENADE SPLINTERS DURING THE UNSUCCESSFUL ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT.



MILITARY POLICE ARRIVING OUTSIDE THE HEAD OFFICE OF THE K.P.M. SHIPPING COMPANY AFTER ITS SEIZURE BY INDONESIAN WORKERS ON DECEMBER 3.



RECEIVING AN ULTIMATUM FROM INDONESIAN TRADE UNION LEADERS: SOME OF THE DUTCH EMPLOYEES NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE K.P.M. BUILDING AFTER ITS SEIZURE.

### TENSION IN INDONESIA: THE ANTI-DUTCH CAMPAIGN, AND THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT.

Mounting tension in Indonesia came to a head with the unsuccessful attempt, on November 30, on the life of President Sukarno, when he and his family were visiting the Jakarta school attended by his children. Four grenades were thrown as the President was getting into his car. He was unhurt, but nine persons were reported killed and more than a hundred injured. Soon after the attempt the anti-Dutch campaign—centred on the refusal of the Dutch Government to hand West New

Guinea over to Indonesia—was vigorously pursued. On December 3 Indonesian workers seized three Dutch enterprises in Jakarta, capital of the Republic, including the head offices of the K.P.M. shipping company. The Indonesian Government did not permit these seizures but allowed official strike action against Dutch concerns. On December 5 the Government ordered the expulsion, by stages, of all Dutch nationals in the Republic, and later Dutch banks and estates were officially seized.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



**JERUSALEM.** THE RESUMPTION OF CONVOY SERVICES TO THE MOUNT SCOPUS ENCLAVE: LOADING THE LORRIES FOR THE FIRST DELIVERY OF PETROL AND SUPPLIES SINCE THE NOV. 20 BAN. Following the success of part of Mr. Hammarskjöld's negotiations with Israel and Jordan, a convoy of supplies drove to the Israeli police garrison of Mt. Scopus, the Israeli enclave in the demilitarised zone of Jerusalem on December 5.



**PEARL HARBOUR, HAWAII.** THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TREACHEROUS JAPANESE ATTACK: A WREATH-LAYING CEREMONY ON DECEMBER 7 ON PART OF THE SUNKEN UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP *ARIZONA*. (ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH APPEARS OPPOSITE.)



**OFF LOUISIANA, U.S.A.** OIL FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO: THE LATEST OFFSHORE DRILLING PLATFORM, WHICH MADE A RECORD BY BRINGING IN OIL WITHIN TWELVE DAYS OF INSTALLATION.



**ROME.** FLOWERS FOR THE VIRGIN: A ROMAN FIRE-MAN TAKING A WREATH TO THE STATUE OF THE MADONNA IN THE PIAZZA DI SPAGNA ON DECEMBER 8, THE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



**FORMOSA.** BUILDING A NEW HIGHWAY ACROSS THE ISLAND: ERECTING A FRAMEWORK FOR THE BRIDGE APPROACH TO ONE OF THE TUNNELS. THERE ARE TO BE TWENTY-SIX MAJOR BRIDGES IN THE 190-MILE HIGHWAY.

(Right.)  
**HAMBURG, GERMANY.** NOT TO SAIL AGAIN: THE FOUR-MASTED GERMAN SAILING BARQUE *PASSAT*, SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED *PAMIR*, ARRIVING IN THE ELBE.

On December 8, on reaching Hamburg with barley from the Argentine after a voyage in which she had been in great danger near the Azores, *Passat* and her crew learnt from Dr. Wachs, chairman of the Pamir-Passat Foundation, that she is not to sail again, barley freights being now too low for her to be an economic proposition. Her sister-ship, *Pamir*, it will be recalled, sank in mid-Atlantic last September with the loss of eighty of her crew of eighty-six.







SIXTEEN YEARS AFTER : THE SUBMERGED HULK OF THE U.S.S. *ARIZONA* AT PEARL HARBOUR, THE SCENE OF AN AMERICAN CEREMONY ON DECEMBER 7 COMMEMORATING THOSE WHO DIED IN THE JAPANESE ATTACK.

The sixteenth anniversary of Japan's treacherous attack on the American base at Pearl Harbour was observed there in a simple ceremony on December 7. The ceremony also marked the opening of a fund for the conversion of the battleship *Arizona*, sunk in the attack and now lying almost totally submerged, into a memorial of the war in the Pacific. Just after 8 a.m., the hour of the Japanese attack, an American flag was raised at a wooden platform on the only part of *Arizona* protruding above the water. Short prayers were

said by Protestant, Catholic and Jewish naval chaplains, and wreaths were thrown on to the water above the sunken ship by representatives of the many states and territories of the dead, who now lie entombed beneath the waves. With the proceeds of the newly-started fund it is hoped to convert the *Arizona* into a more permanent memorial by encasing the rusty hull and its dead in steel and concrete. A photograph of part of the ceremony appears on the opposite page.









ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: PROFESSOR GRAHAM BROWN, F.R.S.

Professor Graham Brown, who was Professor of Physiology, University of Wales, from 1920-47, is one of the greatest mountaineers of modern times, an unrivalled expert on Mont Blanc, and a great Alpine historian. He edited *The Alpine Journal* from 1949-53, and is the author of "Brenva" (1944).

Tenzing, a Sherpa, writes a preface to this book, which clears a memory. Jealous men—and it should be remembered that amongst the things from which we pray to be delivered are "envy, malice and all uncharitableness" which, politically, are very much in the forefront to-day—tried to rob Dr. Paccard of the honour of being the first man to ascend Mont Blanc. It appeared as "White Hill" in one English book, which to me, who have merely seen that snow-and-ice-covered hulk from Geneva, and have ambled up a few hills here and abroad, seems to be an understatement. So, to our ancestors, it must have been. Those tremendous peaks in the Himalayas (almost twice the height of Mont Blanc) and those almost as tremendous peaks in the Andes, were unknown except from rumour. Mont Blanc (the highest known mountain in Europe, unless Elbruz, in the Caucasus, is counted in) was, 200 years ago, the sort of challenge which in our time has been presented by Everest "the Highest Mountain in the World," and by the two Poles. As for these latter the latest news seems to be that there is a fifty-fifty chance of a British Expedition, under Dr. Fuchs, crossing the South Pole to encounter a New Zealand Expedition. Man must still explore. But the untrodden spots get fewer and fewer, and once a route has been found, up a mountain or across a desert or through a forest, the journey loses its terrors in the popular imagination. If Everest were to be climbed again next year, the Alpinists would be interested should a new face be successfully attacked, but the general public would be no more interested than it would be to hear that Mont Blanc had been climbed again.

It wasn't so always. As Sir John says: "For those who, to-day, plod up Mont Blanc by the tedious well-worn ways on the French side of the mountain, or descend them at the double after scaling the great precipices from Italy, it is not easy to conjure up the feelings of excitement and awe which must have attached to the news of this event, 171 years ago. To the educated people in

## THE FIRST MOUNTAINEERING MILESTONE.

"THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC": By T. GRAHAM BROWN, F.R.S., AND SIR GAVIN DE BEER, F.R.S.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

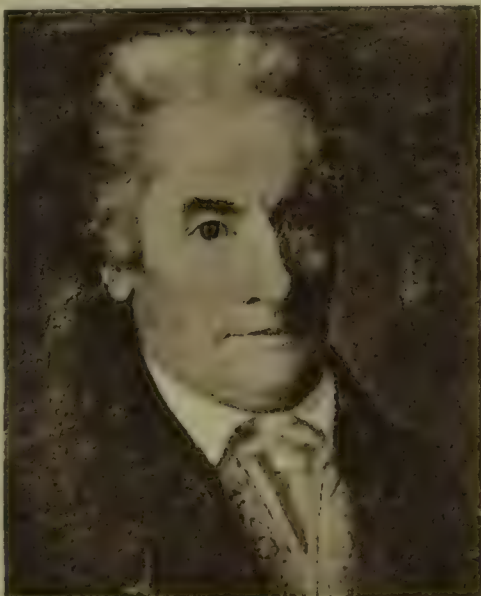
SIR JOHN HUNT, who was leader of the Expedition which, in the conventional phrase, "conquered" Mount Everest in Our Queen's Coronation Year, and who was content to see that the object of his Expedition was attained, leaving the final treading of the summit to Hillary, a New Zealander, and

Europe it was probably not less stirring than the climbing of Everest to the wider public in 1953. In terms of human endeavour it was, perhaps, greater, in that no comparable challenge had ever been surmounted. Indeed, the heights were surrounded in popular belief with all manner of superstitions; I would compare the spirit which carried Paccard and Balmat to the top of Mont Blanc with that which fired Vasco da Gama, who dared to risk sailing over the brink of the world's edge to reach the fabulous continent of India."

Dr. Paccard was a modest local amateur, with strong scientific interests, geographical, geological and meteorological; Balmat was a paid porter (not yet a guide) who admitted that the eager, sprightly Dr. Paccard occasionally relieved him of part of his burden. "Alone they did it" on August 8, 1786, after many people had tried the ascent by various routes. On July 5, in the next year, there was a second Ascent by two men, with Balmat in attendance. On August 3 there was a third, made by Professor H. B. de Saussure (later F.R.S.), his body-servant, seventeen guides and Jacques Balmat again, still not yet a guide. On August 9 Colonel Mark Beaufoy (later F.R.S.) made the fourth Ascent, with ten guides. Thereafter, in the long chronological table which is given here in an appendix the "Attempts" become yearly more numerous and the proportion of Ascents to mere Attempts higher. The usual expected adventurers

(Left.) THE MAN WHO WITH JACQUES BALMAT (THEN A PORTER) MADE THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC IN 1786: DR. MICHEL-GABRIEL PACCARD, SEEN AS AN OLD MAN, IN A PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

Reproduced by courtesy of M. Paul Payot.



SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE FIRST ASCENT: A PHOTOGRAPH OF MONT BLANC FROM THE BREVENT.

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. C. Douglas Milner.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The First Ascent of Mont Blanc," by courtesy of the publishers, Oxford University Press.

increasingly congregate: an English "milord," a woman (local), a Polish Count, a Captain, R.N., some Americans, and in 1837, a dog, who, I hope, chose his career willingly, and gaily followed his master instead of being packed into a cylinder and taken up to lonely heights, with no company, and enough food to allow him to survive until a quick and inevitable death. Meanwhile, and for a hundred years, the achievement of Dr. Paccard was denied and denigrated by a jealous man, who could walk

vigorously but was no climber, and was ambitious for personal fame. Sir John Hunt says that when his victorious party returned from Everest to Khatmandu they were greeted along the road by triumphal arches with pictures on them "of an unconscious Hillary, being dragged, hand over hand, by the rope, to the summit of Everest by conquering Tenzing." That might be explained by local, and racial, patriotism. But the myth that Balmat reached the top of Mont Blanc on his own, and then went down to drag the Doctor to the summit in order that he should share in the triumph and the discovery, derived from the jealousy of a very conceited and boastful individual. There are people (not a majority, thank goodness) who can't bear to see anybody else doing anything remarkable.

The book has been brought out in the year which marks the bicentenary of Dr. Paccard's birth and the centenary of the Alpine Club—the oldest of its kind in the world. The two things are connected. It was the Ascent of Mont Blanc which first aroused a passion for climbing in Western Europe; after all, there were still any number of other peaks, all lower, but many more difficult, to be climbed in the Alps; and think of the high mountains elsewhere. The passion for mountaineering spread, and, above all, in this island—which, after all, had pioneered by land and sea. And, in celebration of a bicentenary and a centenary, there appears this extremely well-documented and closely-reasoned book on the crucial moment in the history of Climbing.

The reader may observe that the two authors are both Fellows of the Royal Society. This would be indeed remarkable were the work concerned with the history of any other sport, especially dangerous sport: Rugby Football, Cricket or Steeplechasing. But, at first sight, it might seem odd that so large a proportion of the devotees of this particular dangerous pastime have been "intellectuals": scientists, dons, eminent lawyers and eminent literary men—people drawn from categories, none of which one would ordinarily associate with the agility of the chamois. I suppose that the link is to be found in the words "curiosity" and "patience."

At all events Alpine writing is almost always good. I remember nearly forty years ago, Sir Arnold Lunn compiling for this same Oxford University Press, an anthology called "The Englishman in the Alps." Most of the extracts were written by these same tribes of dons, judges, and professional authors. But they rose to heights of unaffected prose because they were overwhelmed by the arduous of their ascents and by the panoramas spread below and around them when they had reached a dominating summit.

Such a view remains in a man's mind all his life. And such a view precludes him from meanness.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1100 of this issue.



ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR GAVIN DE BEER.

Sir Gavin de Beer, who has been Director of the British Museum (Natural History) since 1950, has devoted much research to the history of Alpine travel and discovered many documents relating to the first ascent of Mont Blanc. He has written many books, including "Alps and Elephants" (1955).

\* "The First Ascent of Mont Blanc." Published on the occasion of the Centenary of the Alpine Club. By T. Graham Brown, F.R.S., and Sir Gavin de Beer, F.R.S. With a Foreword by Sir John Hunt, President of the Alpine Club. Illustrations and Maps. (Oxford University Press; 70s.)



## IN PORTUGAL'S BEAUTIFUL DOURO VALLEY: THE MAKING OF PORT WINE.



ON ONE OF THE TERRACES WHICH COVER THE HILLSIDES IN THE DOURO VALLEY: TWO MEN PRUNING IN THE QUINTA OF CHANCELEIROS. [Photograph by Alvao, Oporto.]



A HEAVY LOAD LESSENED BY THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF TRADITIONAL MUSIC: GOING TO THE WINE PRESS. [Photograph by Tavares da Fonseca, Oporto.]



THE CLIMAX OF A YEAR OF PATIENT WORK IN THE VINEYARDS: THE VINTAGE UNDER THE HOT SKY OF THE DOURO VALLEY. [Photograph by Tavares da Fonseca, Oporto.]



A FEATURE OF THE PORT WINE DISTRICT: A GAILY-DECORATED OX-CART WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL DRIVER IN HER TRADITIONAL COSTUME. [Photograph by Alvao, Oporto.]

Many different wines are grown in Portugal and curiously the Port Wine famed in this country and throughout the world is far from being the most popular among the Portuguese themselves. Its schist-like soil and its climate of extreme cold and heat make the valley of the River Douro the only area where true Port can be produced. At the mouth of the Douro lies the city of Oporto, which has given its name to the wine and is the centre of the industry. The rugged hillsides of the Douro valley are covered with terraces,

on which the vines are planted. The vintage starts at the end of September or early in October. From all around, men, women and children swarm into the Douro valley to pick the precious grapes, which are twice crushed by foot before the wine is fortified by the addition of brandy wine. It is then drained off into large casks and allowed to rest until spring, when the wine is brought to the lodges at Vila Nova de Gaia, at Oporto, where the skilful and lengthy processes of blending and maturing are carried out.



# FROM THE DIMINUTIVE SARDINE TO THE TUNNY: SCENES IN A LEADING PORTUGUESE INDUSTRY.



(Above.) LAUNCHING A LIFEBOAT AT THE ATTRACTIVE PORTUGUESE FISHING VILLAGE OF NAZARÉ. Photograph by "photo Yan—S.N.I.", Portugal.

WITH cork, wine, minerals and resin, sardines are among Portugal's most important products, and, noted for their high quality, are each year exported in large quantities to all parts of the world. The chief centres of the fishing industry are at Matosinhos, Setúbal, Portimão and Olhão. The picturesque nature of the industry can be seen at the attractive little fishing village of Nazaré, as is illustrated on one of the colour pages in this issue. A haunt of artist and photographer, the sandy beach at Nazaré is covered with fishing boats of distinctive line and colouring, and with a multitude of fishing nets. Newly-arrived boats are hauled up the beach by teams of oxen, and the fishermen wear strikingly gay checked shirts and trousers. Besides sardines, tunny, anchovy, mackerel and other fish are also caught and tinned for export, and there is also a sizeable production of cod-liver oil and of sardine oil for industry. The canned fish section of the Portuguese fishing industry is under the control of the Instituto Português de Conservas de Peixe, the Portuguese Canned Fish Institute. Whale oil and other products form another branch of the Portuguese fishing industry.



OFF ALGARVE, IN THE SOUTH OF PORTUGAL: TUNNY FISH BEING TRANSFERRED FROM ONE BOAT TO ANOTHER. [Photograph by "photo Yan—S.N.I.", Portugal.]



A TUNNY FISH LEAPS FROM THE WATER INTO A BOAT DURING A FISHING EXPEDITION. Photograph by courtesy of Instituto Português de Conservas de Peixe.



AT AVEIRO, A TOWN REMINISCENT FOR THE TRAVELLER OF BOTH HOLLAND AND VENICE: A FISHING BOAT, WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE PORTUGUESE PROW, AT THE QUAYSIDE.



IN AN INDUSTRY EMPLOYING OVER 40,000 PEOPLE: PORTUGUESE WOMEN CANNING SARDINES. Photograph by courtesy of Instituto Português de Conservas de Peixe.





AN 18TH-CENTURY PORTUGUESE MASTERPIECE: MACHADO DE CASTRO'S CHRISTMAS CRIB IN THE BASILICA DA ESTRELA, LISBON.

One of Lisbon's outstanding Baroque churches is the Basilica da Estrêla, with its twin towers and domes from which a magnificent view of the city can be obtained. Inside the church, carefully enclosed in a huge glass case, is this large painted terracotta crib, or *presepio*, by Machado de Castro. Many churches in Portugal have such cribs, which come out at Christmas, but this

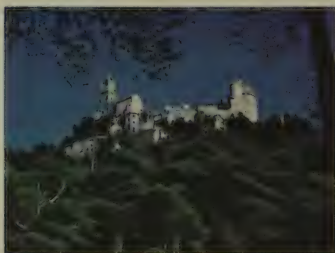
imposing composition by de Castro, a leading Portuguese sculptor, is outstanding among them. Here we see the three Kings bringing their gifts to the Child in the stable, the centre-piece of this elaborate composition, which also includes groups of the people of Bethlehem—or, indeed, of Lisbon—going about their everyday tasks, making this a vivid expression of the spirit of Christmas.



# ARCHITECTURAL LANDMARKS IN AN ENCHANTING LAND: SOME OF PORTUGAL'S REMARKABLE PALACES, CASTLES AND OTHER BUILDINGS.



RISEING OVER THE TOWN OF LEIRIA FROM ITS ROCKY EMINENCE: THE FEUDAL CASTLE OF DOM DINIZ AND HIS HOLY QUEEN, ST. ELIZABETH OF PORTUGAL.  
[Photograph by A. F. Kerling.]



TOWERING UP "INTO THE MIST UPON ITS ROCKY CRAG": THE ROYAL CASTLE OF PENA AT SINTRA.  
[Photograph by A. F. Kerling.]

PORTUGAL has been described as a land of infinite charm and variety, and it certainly is one of the most lovely countries in Europe. Its singing pinewoods, golden sands, placid rivers, whitewashed cottages nestling among vineyards, and its medieval castles crowning the hilltops, are only some of the attractions which help to cast a life-long spell on visitors. In this country, where somewhere the sun is always shining, the kindness and friendliness of the people are almost proverbial. One of Portugal's many glories is seen in its unique buildings, some of which retain the oriental atmosphere that was left behind as a result



AT SINTRA: A VIEW FROM THE CASTLE OF PENA, SHOWING THE WIDE VIEW OVER THE PLAINS AND, CROWNING THE ROCKY ESCARPMENT, THE CASTELLATED WALLS OF THE MOORISH CASTLE. [Photograph by A. F. Kerling.]



SOME SIXTY MILES NORTH OF LISBON: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TINY CITY OF OBIDOS WITH ITS RESTORED MEDIAEVAL CASTLE.  
[Photograph by Paul Popper.]



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING OF PORTUGAL'S ANCIENT MONUMENTS: THE JERONIMOS, OR ABBEY OF BELEM, NEAR LISBON, WHICH WAS BEGUN IN 1502.  
[Photograph by A. F. Kerling.]



IN EVORA: THE REMARKABLE CHURCH OF SAO BRAZ WITH ITS TURRETS AND BATTLEMENTS. [Photograph: Portuguese Official Bureau.]

of the long years of Moorish domination. Among the buildings shown on these pages are the Jeronimos Monastery, just outside Lisbon, and the Tower of Belem, which are among the most unusual buildings in the world. Both date from the thirty years of the reign of Dom Manuel the Fortunate (1495-1521), the period of Portugal's greatest glory as a world-power. The church and cloisters of the Jeronimos form the finest example of the so-called Manueline style which can be described as a late and exuberantly rich development of Gothic, the details of which were largely borrowed from the decorative forms of the Early Renaissance, from the sumptuous buildings of India, and from the Moors. Not far away is the Tower of Belem, one of the most familiar



NOW HOUSING A SMALL HOTEL INSIDE THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS: THE CASTLE AT OBIDOS.  
[Photograph: Portuguese Official Bureau.]

landmarks in Portugal, of which Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has said: "The more closely you examine it, the more curious it becomes." It was built, in about 1515, by Francisco de Arruda, one of the many Portuguese architects who were sent to Morocco to restore the fortifications there. It stands on the spot from which many of the great Portuguese navigators, including Vasco da Gama, sailed. Only a few miles from Lisbon is the lovely eighteenth-century country



A LOVELY COUNTRY PALACE A FEW MILES FROM LISBON: QUELUZ, WITH ITS DELIGHTFUL GARDENS, FOUNTAINS AND STATUARY. THE PALACE, WITH ITS SEMI-CIRCULAR WINGS, IS COLOUR-WASHED PALE PINK.  
[Continued below, right.]



STANDING ON THE SPOT FROM WHICH VASCO DA GAMA SAILED: THE TOWER OF BELEM (1-1515). A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF MANUELINE ARCHITECTURE, WHICH IS NOW A NATIONAL EMBLEM OF THE GREAT AGE OF PORTUGUESE DISCOVERIES.



NOW AN OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PALACE OF BELEM. ONE WING NOW HOUSES THE FAMOUS COACH MUSEUM.  
[Continued.]

palace of Queluz, which has been called the Portuguese Versailles. The palace, with its beautiful semi-circular wings, is colour-washed pale pink and has been admirably restored after a fire which gutted much of the interior in 1934. The delightful gardens are laid out with fountains and statuary. In Sintra, which is probably the Portuguese town



AT MAFRA: PART OF THE VAST MONASTERY AND PALACE BUILT BY DOM JOAO V. [Photograph by Elfer.]

best known to the English, the peaks are crowned with castles and palaces. On one stands the remains of the ancient Moorish castle, while on another is the Royal castle of Pena



THE OLD PALACE OF THE KINGS OF PORTUGAL: THE ROYAL PALACE AT SINTRA WHICH, THOUGH MOORISH IN ORIGIN, WAS PARTLY REBUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES. [Photograph by A. F. Kerling.]

which was built for Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a cousin of Britain's Prince Consort. On one side of the main square is the Royal Palace of Sintra which, Moorish in origin, is one of the earliest buildings in Portugal, although many of its Royal residents have added various features.





IN A PORTUGUESE VINEYARD: A YOUNG VINTAGER CAREFULLY EXAMINING A BUNCH OF WHITE GRAPES, USED FOR MAKING WHITE PORT.



A COLOURFUL SCENE HIGH ABOVE THE RIVER DOURO: VINTAGERS GATHERING GRAPES FOR PORT DURING THE VINTAGE, WHICH OCCURS TOWARDS THE END OF SEPTEMBER.



FISHING BOATS AND FISHERMEN ON THE SHORE AT NAZARE, A WELL-KNOWN PORTUGUESE FISHING VILLAGE NORTH OF LISBON.

For many people the things most readily associated with Portugal—besides the phrase Britain's oldest ally—are Port and sardines, and, indeed, fishing and wine-making are two of Portugal's oldest and most important industries. Portuguese exports of tinned sardines and tunny amount to some 40,000 tons each year, and are sent to all parts of the world. The sardines are particularly noted for their nutritional value. One of the centres for sardine fishing is Nazaré, to the north of Lisbon. Here, the traditional check shirts and trousers

of the fishermen and the picturesque sardine boats are striking features. Portugal is one of the leading wine-producing countries, and although the consumption of Port has been declining, wine is still one of her major exports. Port, widely known as it is, is not frequently drunk in Portugal, and, because of soil conditions, its production, which requires great skill, is confined to an area on the River Douro. The final blending and maturing take place in Vila Nova de Gaia, Oporto.

*The two upper photographs by Geo. G. Sandeman Sons & Co. Ltd.*



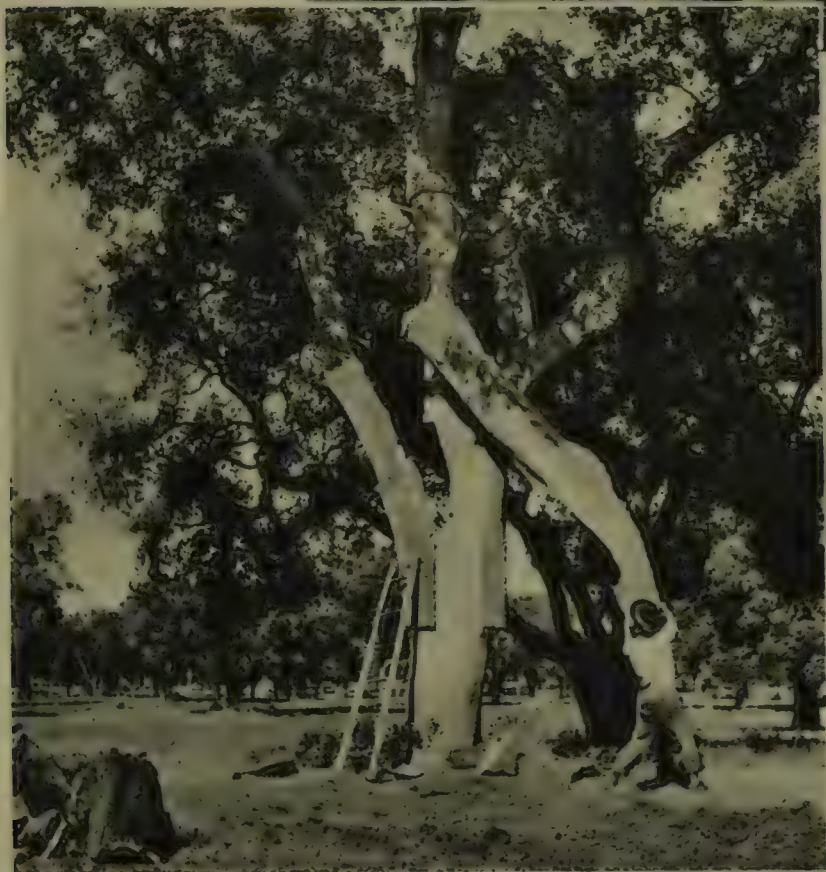
## PORTUGAL—HOME OF WORLD CORK PRODUCTION: IN FACTORY AND FOREST.

THE two most important products in the economy of Portugal are wine and, perhaps providentially, cork. Climatic conditions enable Portugal to produce cork of a particularly high quality, and Portuguese cork production surpasses that of the rest of the world in quantity. Most of it is exported in the crude condition, although there is a considerable export of cork products. Like the export of two other important Portuguese products, olive oil and table and fortified wines, cork exports have in recent years increased markedly, and now form by far the most valuable single item in the whole of the Portuguese export trade. The cork is sent

[Continued below, centre.]

(Right.)

WAITING TO BE PROCESSED IN PORTUGUESE CORK FACTORIES OR TO BE EXPORTED AS CRUDE CORK: THE BARK OF CORK OAKS AT ALENTEJO.



THE CORK "HARVEST": TWO OPERATIVES CUTTING AWAY THE BARK FROM A CORK OAK. CORK TREES COVER A QUARTER OF THE TOTAL FOREST AREA OF PORTUGAL.

[Continued.]

to countries in many parts of the world, but the chief markets for cork bottle-stoppers are the United Kingdom, Germany, the United States of America and France. The cork oak plantations take up about a quarter of the total area of Portuguese forests, and altogether some 20,000 people are employed in the cork factories of Portugal, while many more are engaged in cork cultivation and transport. The industry as a whole is co-ordinated by a state organisation, the Junta Nacional da Cortiça.



IN A CORK FACTORY: SOME OF THE 20,000 PEOPLE ENGAGED IN PORTUGUESE CORK PROCESSING AT WORK. [Photograph by A. Santos d'Almeida, Lisbon.]



MADE FROM PORTUGUESE CORK OF HIGH QUALITY: BOTTLE-STOPPERS, WHICH ARE EXPORTED TO MANY DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.



SOME OF THE MANY DIFFERENT ARTICLES MANUFACTURED FROM PORTUGUESE CORK AND CORK COMPOUNDS, WHICH ARE USED FOR A WIDE VARIETY OF PURPOSES. [Photograph by Filmarte, Lisbon.]



## THE FANTASTIC AND UNIQUE SPLENDOURS OF PORTUGUESE ARCHITECTURE: NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN THE LAND OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST ALLY.



THESE few photographs may give some idea of one of the greatest delights of Portugal, its rich, fantastic and in many ways unique architecture. This is, of course, of several kinds, but the best known is the Manueline style. This style, which perhaps originated with the Frenchman, Boytac, a foreigner (in the words of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell) intoxicated with the land of his adoption, was seized on and developed by such Portuguese architects as Mateus

(Left) IN THE UNIVERSITY CITY OF COIMBRA: THE WEST FRONT OF THE 16TH-CENTURY CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ, WITH AN ELABORATE PORTAL BY "NICHOLAS THE FRENCHMAN."



THE SPLENDID UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, COIMBRA, WITH THE PORTRAIT, IN THE BACKGROUND, OF THE FOUNDER, DOM JOAO V (1689-1750).



THE INCREDIBLE LACEWORK OF STONE IN THE ALMOST INDIAN FANTASY OF THE PORTAL OF THE "UNFINISHED CHAPELS" OF BATALHA.



A GLITTERING AND UNIQUE GOLDEN VISION: THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAO FRANCISCO AT OPORTO—A GOTHIC STRUCTURE OVERLAIN WITH GILT WOODCARVING.



THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE CHURCH OF JERONIMOS AT BELEM, OUTSIDE LISBON, SHOWING THE UPPER PART OF THE ELABORATE PORTAL WITH ITS SPIRES AND STATUES AND, IN THE CENTRE, THE STATUE OF HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.



THE WEST PORTAL OF THE JERONIMOS CHURCH. THE KNEELING FIGURES ON EITHER SIDE ARE KING EMANUEL AND ST. JEROME; AND QUEEN MARIA AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued.) Fernandes and Diogo and Francisco d'Arruda. Very briefly, the style may be described as a late flowering of Gothic, fantastically with the new knowledge of the Renaissance and—what makes it especially Portuguese—very strong influences of India as a result of the voyages of the great Portuguese navigators. Of the places illustrated, Batalha has an especial interest for English visitors. It was built in 1388



THE UNIVERSITY PATIO AT COIMBRA. THE UNIVERSITY, FOUNDED AT LISBON IN 1290, WAS TRANSFERRED TO COIMBRA BY KING DINIZ IN 1307. THE GREAT POET, CAMOENS, WAS A STUDENT HERE.

by Dom João I to commemorate the Battle of Aljubarrota, which secured the independence of Portugal. Dom João married John of Gaunt's daughter, Philippa of Lancaster, and it is believed that she caused English masons to be brought over for the work. It has even been suggested that Henry Vevele had a hand in the work. It is, of course, from this period, too, that the ancient alliance between Portugal and England dates.



ONE OF THE MOST ORIGINAL WORKS OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE WORLD: THE DOUBLE CLOISTER OF JERONIMOS, THE WORK OF BOYTAC AND JOAO DE CASTILHO. THIS WAS SEEN BY THE QUEEN DURING HER VISIT EARLY THIS YEAR.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### ENGLISH LANDSCAPE—A REVIEW.\*

up to his time painted in this kingdom. It is chiefly in his figures that his national stiffness is seen. Tillemans' lords and ladies are often amongst the most be-wired and be-buckramed of their kind, with the attitudes of marionettes and the grouping of the same. This defect frequently reduces his pleasant landscapes from real works of art to mere curiosities, for nothing kills a picture as a whole like absurdity in any of its parts. But in these cases Tillemans was usually under orders, his patrons desiring not so much landscapes from him as portraits of their fantastic selves disporting amidst their ancestral acres." I would venture to comment on this that

can be classed as an absurdity, we would condemn out of hand the magnificent "Annunciation" by Crivelli in the National Gallery because the scene is set in a palace with a pudding-face little girl looking on.

If, however, it is possible to disagree with many of Colonel Grant's comments and—as far as his introduction is concerned—to be bemused by his decidedly dithyrambic style—this is no reflection upon the exceptional interest of the main part of the book which, by means of lively notes about what is known of the career of each painter with appropriate illustrations, provides a coherent

history not just of what is called English landscape in the narrow sense—that is, of paintings by native-born Englishmen—but of its early origins; and that involves the work of many immigrants. The first of these appears to have been Joris Hoefnagel (1545-1601), of Antwerp, represented by a landscape at Hatfield House which is claimed to be the first genuine landscape in oils ever painted in Great Britain. It is obviously a delightful work representing "a marriage fête or some similar function in progress outside the Church of Saint Mary Magdalene at Bermondsey, with the Tower of London seen across the river, and enough Thames-side topography beside to render this almost a pure-and-simple landscape of vast interest alike for its contents as for its pre-Adamite date." "Probably," the author adds, "as faithful a view of the South Bank of the Thames as was ever painted."

Rubens comes into the list. Some will say that is strange for he never painted a landscape in England, but I have no doubt that most will agree that he should appear because, without him, it is doubtful

whether painting in England would have taken the course it did. Colonel Grant's justification is that though his landscape work was not seen in England until a century and a half after the artist's death, the eighteenth-century English based their painting upon that of his followers. The full revelation came much later—in 1802—when Irvine imported Rubens' "Seasons" from the Balbi Palace at Genoa. "Spring" was bought by the Earl of Oxford for 2600 guineas, "Summer" and "Winter" passed to the King, and Sir George Beaumont paid the sum of 1500 guineas for "Autumn," better known to most of us as the "Château de Steen," of the National Gallery. Beaumont put it in Benjamin West's studio so that artists could see it; among them was James Ward, who promptly painted his "St. Donats Castle" in emulation. The author continues: "Here was the signpost pointing the way out from the grand but exotic cult of classicism. . . . What Rubens now for the first time taught was the possibility of combining grandeur, nay majesty, with a perfectly naturalistic outlook upon nature. This was in 1802 news to nine-tenths of our School. . . . In aiming at being national they (our rural painters) remained parochial, and none but an Englishman will ever perceive the charm of their work." That is acute enough, but then he proceeds to point out the distinction between Latin and Germanic art, spoiling the

point by dragging in the words Protestant and Papist—Claude the Papist, Rubens the Protestant, if you please!—which seems to me complete nonsense, and offensive to each of these great men. But such aberrations are immaterial compared with the solid and abiding merits of the work as a whole.



"CLAIMED TO BE THE FIRST GENUINE LANDSCAPE IN OILS EVER PAINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN": "FETE AT BERMONDSEY," BY JORIS HOEFNAGEL (1545-1601), WHICH IS AT HATFIELD HOUSE.

These two early English landscape paintings are among the illustrations in Volume I of "The Old English Landscape Painters"—a new edition of Colonel M. H. Grant's work, which is reviewed here by Frank Davis. They are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, F. Lewis Ltd. This "refreshing and invaluable" work is published in a limited edition which is to be completed in eight volumes.



"THE OLD CASTLE AT PONTEFRAC," ATTRIBUTED TO JOSSE DE MOMPEN (1564-1634): AN EARLY PAINTING OF AN ENGLISH SCENE OF WHICH "THE VIEW IS MORE INDUBITABLE THAN THE ATTRIBUTION." IT IS AT HAMPTON COURT.

IN 1926 two folio volumes appeared entitled "Old English Landscape Painters," and in 1947 a supplement. Now comes the first of eight volumes of a new and revised edition of this pioneer work, at eight guineas per volume and limited to 500 copies. By current standards of production neither printing, paper nor layout is everything that could be desired—after all, eight guineas is eight guineas even to-day. That having been said, one is left with nothing but admiration for the industry and enthusiasm which, over so many years, has led the author to continue his researches into the byways of the English School, to elucidate so many facts concerning men whose very names were in danger of being forgotten and in identifying so many paintings which, until then, had been attributed to more famous names or had been brusquely dismissed as by a follower of So-and-so. I dare say some of Colonel Grant's attributions will hardly stand the test of time, and I note in passing that he himself, in a footnote, is inclined to agree that the weight of evidence points to the hand of Samuel Scott as the painter of the fine "The Old East India Wharf" at the Victoria and Albert Museum rather than Peter Monamy. But then not so very many painters have written themselves, as it were, into their work in so unmistakable a fashion that they do not come near the idiom of others, and the minor men with whom the author is, to our abiding profit, chiefly concerned inevitably ape the manners of their betters.

All the more useful, therefore, the keen eye and great knowledge displayed with such prodigality in this book, which as a work of reference is at once refreshing and invaluable. It is as such that it will be consulted for a long time to come. The opinions expressed in it upon more general matters will not perhaps meet with universal approval, and yet it is just these opinions thrown in almost haphazard on every other page—for the author is agreeably discursive—which give the work its very special flavour and raise it far above the standard of a matter-of-fact dictionary. One or two prejudices which seem to me very odd indeed appear in asides. He gives four lines to a certain Scot, Robert Wait, for example, who died in 1732, and remarks "His landscapes are problematical; but it is certain that, like Velasquez, he occasionally amused himself and his patrons with 'Bodegones'—those painted heaps of fish, fowl and fruit which not even the Spanish *maestro* could render interesting," a judgment which would seem to indicate a certain lack of understanding.

Then again—I'm turning over the pages at random—here is a comment upon the landscapes of Peter Tillemans (1684-1734) who came to England from Antwerp to make his fortune at the age of twenty-four. "His paintings have a remarkably stable and open appearance on the wall, with a British aroma more warrantable than that of any foreigner who had

many of us fail to detect any particular stiffness in the painting of the Flemish school of this or any other century, that what helps to make Tillemans' painting so pleasant is just this trace of theatrical mannerism in his figures (very like those of the young Gainsborough) and that, if we are going to be bothered by what, to a literal mind,

\* "A Chronological History of the Old English Landscape Painters (in oil)—From the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century; Volume I," by Colonel M. H. Grant. With 66 illustrations. (F. Lewis, Publishers Ltd., Leigh-on-Sea: edition limited to 500; 8 gns. per volume.)



# AT NORWICH: MODERN BRITISH WATER-COLOURS.



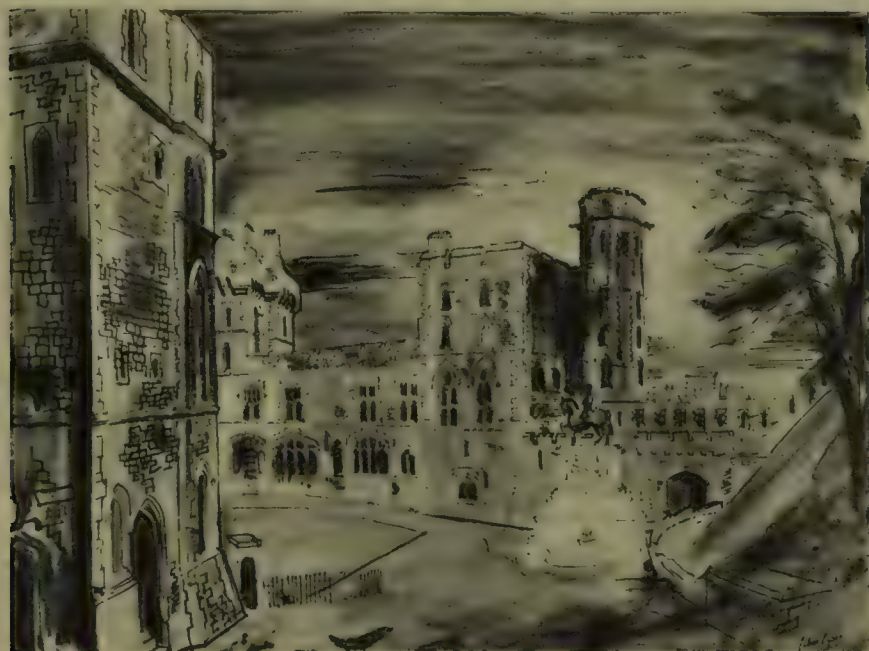
"THE ELMS," A STRIKING WORK BY PAUL NASH (1889-1946).  
(Water-colour with ink and chalk; 26½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the Walker  
Art Gallery, Liverpool.)



"ST. MARK'S, VENICE," BY WALTER RICHARD SICKERT,  
R.A. (1860-1942). DRAWN IN 1901.  
(Black chalk and water-colour; 19 by 15 ins.) (Lent by the  
Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.)



"WEST WINCH CHURCH," BY JOHN PIPER (b. 1903): A WORK OF  
ABOUT 1953 IN THE NORWICH CASTLE MUSEUM EXHIBITION OF  
"THE MODERN MOVEMENT IN BRITISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING."  
(Water-colour with ink and chalk; 26 by 21 ins.)  
(Lent by Osbert Lancaster, Esq.)



"WINDSOR CASTLE, THE QUADRANGLE," ONE OF A SERIES OF WINDSOR DRAWN BY  
JOHN PIPER FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER IN 1941-42. (Ink and water-colour; 15½ by 21 ins.)  
(Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH CASTLE"; THE EARLIEST OF THE NINE WORKS IN THIS EXHIBITION  
BY PHILIP WILSON STEER, O.M. (1860-1942). DRAWN IN 1900.  
(Water-colour; 10½ by 14½ ins.) (Lent by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart.)



"CHRIST CHURCH, MEADOW GATE, OXFORD"; A LATE WORK  
DRAWN BY PAUL NASH IN 1944.  
(Water-colour; 22 by 15½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Roy Harrod.)



"SKETCHERS"; A DELIGHTFUL DRAWING OF THE ARTIST'S  
MOTHER AND SISTER BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R.A. (1856-1925).  
(Water-colour; 14 by 10 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Hugo Pitman.)



"A VENETIAN PALACE," BY J. S. SARGENT, EIGHT OF WHOSE  
WATER-COLOURS ARE IN THIS EXHIBITION.  
(Water-colour; 21 by 14½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Hugo Pitman.)

The current exhibition of "The Modern Movement in British Water-Colour Painting" is the third and last in the series arranged by the Norwich Castle Museum to trace the development of British water-colour painting. The exhibition, which continues until February 2, contains some eighty works by twenty-five artists, ranging from the late Sir George Clausen, who was

born in 1852, to Alan Reynolds, who is thirty-one. The exhibition's aims are "to illustrate the links with the earlier periods of British water-colour painting; to emphasise the strong influence from France on our artists since the late 19th century; and to account for other trends in modern water-colours, with particular regard to the effect that two world wars have had on them."





NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 5. FUR COATS ON THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS:

Animals living in cold regions, on high plateaux and mountains or in the higher latitudes, put on their thicker coats as winter approaches. At first sight this seems to resemble our own behaviour, but there are important differences. In the first place the habit of wearing a thick coat in winter clothing is a comparatively recent innovation and must have arisen from the habit of robbing certain animals of their coats, a practice which is still continued. But to put on and remove an article of clothing as the temperature varies is a very different matter from growing a thick coat as a seasonal change, for that demands the development of a seasonal rhythm which is also anticipatory, and this must be something deeply-rooted and of long standing. At the

moment we can do little more than state the observed fact that animals living in places where winters may be severe tend to grow a thicker coat as that season draws near, and, to state the obvious, that had they not developed this habit they would not have been able to survive in these areas. To show the cause is another matter. There is, however, a further fact, which often occurs simultaneously with the growth of a thick coat, namely, the change in colour, to white, which is a little better understood. The white coat appears with the autumn moult, but the white hairs constituting it are there beforehand, although hidden under the coloured fur. If the weather is very cold at the time of the moult, the change to white is speeded up, sometimes taking

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A*

FROM THE SNOW LEOPARD'S SPOTTED PELAGE TO THE BISON'S HEAVY WINTER CAPE.

as little as three days, so that it appears abrupt and sudden. But more temperate conditions at the time of the moult may prolong it to three weeks. Moreover, it has been seen that stoats exposed to cold one autumn will grow a white coat again the next autumn, even if the temperatures on this second occasion are not low. Another of the few factors which have been established is that the moult to silver fur is speeded up by lengthening the day artificially, and there is other experimental evidence which shows that an artificially lengthened day may induce a white coat in the American weasel. But whereas the change in colour can be affected by recent changes in physical conditions, the changes in the coat itself are due to deeper causes, to a rhythm implanted

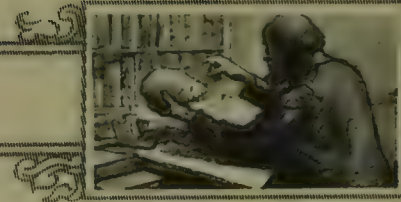
genetically. Whatever the case, the practical result is that the long coat not only keeps out the cold but when it invades the soles of the feet, as in such animals as rabbits and bears, it gives them, if they wish, a free choice. Even when we wear a heavy coat in a winter day we still feel cold if our extremities, such as fingers and toes, are exposed. We find that wearing gloves, putting our hands in our pockets or tucking our ears beneath a hat or scarf is the solution to our problem, but animals are luckier, for those living in cold regions have smaller extremities and these are protected by their own fur coats. Dr. Burton discusses the question of animals changing their coats, and some of the factors affecting moults, in his article on page 1090.

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



WE know in general terms that animals change their coats. Insect larvæ shed their skins periodically, crabs and lobsters cast their shells, snakes and lizards slough, birds cast their feathers and mammals their hair. In general terms, also, we know that in colder latitudes and at the higher elevations such as mountains and plateaux, the winter coat is markedly thicker than the summer coat. And we know that in regions of prolonged winter snow many animals change to white. It is when we venture outside these general terms that the subject becomes troublesome.

Some birds moult once a year only, others twice or three times. Some mammals moult once a year, others twice, and a few, at least, have a spring moult and a two-fold autumn moult. One effect of the moult is to produce a new and handsome plumage or pelt, as the case may be. Always there is a change in colour as between the old and the new, but whereas in some the change is very marked, say, from a sandy-brown to a pure white, in others the change may be very slight and almost unnoticeable. In a partial-albino bird, for example, there will be slight differences in the distribution of the white patches.

This gives us the first clue to the many factors affecting moults, that there are individual peculiarities. Following this, we find there are differences with age, diet and a variety of climatic and geographical factors, and these affect the time of the moult, its duration, whether fast or slow, and the extent of the moult. We found with our foxes that their first year was marked by a very heavy moult, and since one is a year older than the other, the likelihood is that this had little to do with age and that our feeding of them was at fault. In the second year, when we had learned more about their dietetic needs, the moult was very much less. On a broader plane we have the effects seen in the stoat. In northern Britain nearly all stoats become white in winter, but in the south there is usually no change or only a partial one, but on very rare occasions there may be a complete change to white in one or two individuals even in a mild winter.

The thickening of the winter coat and the drastic change in colour, where it occurs, are obviously part of one process. The difficulty is to sort out what factors are at work. On this we have relatively little information, and, such as it is, it tends rather to underline their complexity than to reveal basic principles. Thus, it was found that when the American weasel was subjected to an artificial daylight, used to prolong the day during the period preceding the moult, the winter coat became partly white even though there was no marked drop in temperature. Against this we must set the observation that stoats subjected to low temperatures one autumn, and growing a white winter coat then, will do so again the next year even if the temperatures then are not low.

It was believed for a long time that the change to white in the stoat was due to phagocytes

### WINTER COATS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

migrating from the skin into the hairs and destroying the pigment. It is now established that the new white hairs grow underneath those of the summer coat and are revealed only when that is shed. On the other hand, it was observed that Arctic foxes in the London Zoo acquired their winter coat without a moult. Harrison-Matthews in his "British Mammals" comments: "There are two possibilities: either the pigment is removed from the hairs, or else the outer coloured ends of the hairs are worn away as the hairs grow, leaving what were formerly the white inner portions visible when the hairs grow out. This appears to be a point simple enough to elucidate, but there is no exact information about it." In this last sentence he might be taken to have stated the case for all aspects of this problem.



THE WINTER COAT OF THE GREY SQUIRREL: A PAINTING BY AN ARTIST SHOWING THE APPEARANCE OF THE SQUIRREL'S COAT AT THIS SEASON. IN THE WINTER COAT THE GENERAL GROUND COLOUR OF THE DORSAL AREA IS GREY TICKED WITH WHITE, WHICH GIVES A SILVERY EFFECT.

The grey squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*) has some brownish-red markings as part of its normal coat, but these vary in extent with the season of the year. The seasonal coat change is seen in these two photographs, taken from paintings of skins of grey squirrels by C. E. Talbot Kelly, which are reproduced here by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.



THE SUMMER COAT OF THE GREY SQUIRREL AS SHOWN BY AN ARTIST: A THINNER COAT IN WHICH THERE IS NO WELL-DEFINED SPINAL AREA. THE GENERAL COLOUR IS OLIVE-BUFFY-BROWN WITH THE FUR SLIGHTLY DARKER MID-DORSALLY THAN OVER THE REST OF THE BACK.

These changes in the coat of the grey squirrel provide but one example of the changes in coat from summer to winter, which is general among animals, and which involves not only the growth of a thicker coat but changes in colour. This subject is discussed by Dr. Burton on this page, and illustrated by Mr. Neave Parker on pages 1088 and 1089.

The thickening of the winter coat is probably more affected by hereditary factors than by changes in environment, although it seems reasonable to suppose that feeding could affect it, as well as other individual factors. Put in another way, we could say that individuals born into a cold climate that did not grow this thickened coat would stand little chance of survival, and natural selection would establish species in which the change did occur. In bats, for example, which sleep the winter through, no moult is seen and it can be assumed that the replacement of hair is gradual and is probably taking place all the time, at least during the active period. Another animal showing a prolonged hibernation is the dormouse, and in this there is no noticeable difference between the summer and winter coats. The hedgehog, another hibernant, seems to shed its hair and spines continuously, with no seasonal moult.

In other small British mammals there seem to be three modes of changing the coat. Barrett-Hamilton recorded of the long-tailed field-mouse that "specimens showing the moult are rare, and

the change of coat is probably made in a gradual and inconspicuous manner." The shrews moult normally twice a year; in the spring change the hair is lost from the head first, and thence the moult moves backwards. Frequently, it is sufficiently abrupt to leave a sharp line of demarcation between the summer coat on the front part of the body and the winter coat still on the hind parts. In some African shrews in which there is a strong contrast between the colours of the two seasonal coats this may result at certain times of the year in bi-coloured individuals. Our two squirrels, the native red and the introduced grey, show a change which is, perhaps, intermediate between that of the field-mouse and that of the shrews. There is a summer coat and a winter coat arising from spring and autumn moults respectively. In addition, however, the hairs of the tail and of the ear-tufts have a running cycle for twelve months. In the red squirrel, for example, the tail hairs make their first appearance as "a short blackish covering among the roots of

their ragged and bleached predecessors. In September or earlier, they become visible externally, and begin to replace the bleached hairs. Almost immediately after the new growth is completed, they commence to bleach and pass through various shades of brown, pale brown, dull yellowish-brown, until by the following June, July or August, sometimes even in April, they are all almost white." The ear-tufts follow much the same sequence.

The words quoted above are from a very complete description of the moult in the red squirrel given by Barrett-Hamilton. While it is not possible to give the other details here, his description shows clearly that even in the body hairs the changes are not as sudden and clear-cut as the terms spring and autumn moult would imply. The spring moult especially takes place slowly and may occupy altogether two months of gradual change. Even then minor changes have still to take place in the pelage. Taking Barrett-Hamilton's words, and

C. A. Wilson's picture that accompanies them, the impression is given that there is, in fact, a more or less continuous change in the pelage throughout the year but that it reaches two peaks, one in spring and one in autumn. These peaks are what is meant by the two moults. In other words, in the red squirrel, as well as in the grey, according to Morrison-Scott's account in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" (1952), the change in the coat is something near the "running cycle for twelve months" seen in the tail, but that, unlike the tail-hairs, the body-hairs show two periods of accelerated change.

Perhaps the most interesting point related to this series of changes lies in the effect on the young. The first litter of the year is born before the females have shed their winter coat and the young born then carry the equivalent of a winter coat. The second litter, born in summer, carries a summer coat. This is proven for the red squirrel and suspected for the grey; and one of the proofs in regard to the red squirrel is that the young of first litters carry ear-tufts and those of the second litter are without them.



PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



REPORTED TO HAVE EXCEEDED THE WORLD SPEED RECORD: MAJOR ADRIAN DREW, OF THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE (LEFT).

Major Adrian Drew, of the U.S. Air Force, was reported on December 13 to have exceeded the world speed record of 1132 m.p.h. He was flying in a F-101A Voodoo fighter-bomber and was said to have attained an average speed of 1207.6 m.p.h. An earlier attempt by Major Drew to break the record was disallowed owing to a defect in timing equipment.



THE NEW EDITOR OF PUNCH:

MR. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD. Mr. Bernard Hollowood has been appointed editor of *Punch* in succession to Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge and will take up his duties on January 1. He is forty-seven and has contributed articles and drawings to *Punch* since 1942. He has been lecturer in economics at Stoke and Loughborough College, and has also been on the staff of the *Economist*.



A PHOTOGRAPHER WOUNDED IN ETHIOPIA:

MR. TOM STOBART. Mr. Tom Stobart, the official photographer on Sir John Hunt's Everest expedition, was wounded by a gunman recently during an expedition in Ethiopia to collect rare plants and make wild-life films for television. Another man, Mr. F. Piffard, a film producer, was also wounded in the attack. Mr. Stobart was later said to be making good progress.



THE SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN OF THE YEAR: MISS DIANA WILKINSON, THE SWIMMER, AND GEORGE DEREK IBBOTSON, THE ATHLETE.

G. D. Ibbotson, the fastest miler in the world, topped the poll in the national ballot, organised by the *Daily Express*, as Sportsman of the Year. Miss Diana Wilkinson, the thirteen-year-old swimmer, who broke nineteen records in the National Swimming Championships at Blackpool in September, was elected Sportswoman of the Year. Both received their awards in London on December 11.



RESCUED WITH FIVE OTHERS FROM A YORKSHIRE POTHOLE: MISS JOAN SMITH, LEFT, WITH ONE OF HER RESCUERS.

Miss Joan Smith, aged 19, was among the last of the six students who were rescued on December 9 after being trapped for many hours in the Providence Pot cave system in Yorkshire. She and the other girl in the party were suffering from exhaustion. Over 300 people helped in the rescue.



AN UNEXPECTED VICTORY: THE OXFORD SIDE WHICH CONFOUNDED THE PROPHETS BY DEFEATING CAMBRIDGE AT TWICKENHAM.

At Twickenham on December 10 the Oxford XV defeated Cambridge, confounding all the prophets, by a try to nothing. The Oxford side above is as follows. Standing (l. to r.), D. Jesson (W. Hartlepool G.S. and St. Edmund Hall), J. Scott (Radley and Corpus Christi), S. H. Wilcock (Kirkham G.S. and St. Peter's Hall), J. A. Diamond (Durban High School, S.A., and University), M. W. Swan (Fettes and University), L. T. Lombard (Kingswood, S.A., and St. Edmund Hall), L. D. Watts (Bristol G.S. and Wadham), A. H. M. Hoare (King's School, Canterbury, and Trinity). Sitting (l. to r.), R. H. Davies (King's School, Wimbledon, and New College), S. C. Coles (Magdalen Coll. School, and Magdalen), P. G. D. Robbins (Bishop Vesey's School and St. Edmund Hall; captain), J. D. Currie (Bristol G.S. and Wadham), M. S. Phillips (Arnold School and Trinity). On ground (left), B. A. G. Weston (City of Bath School and St. Peter's Hall), and (right) J. R. C. Young (Bishop Vesey's School and St. Edmund Hall). At the match, the Duke of Edinburgh was among the spectators.



THE FAILURE OF THE U.N. MISSION FOR ENDING REPRESSION IN HUNGARY: PRINCE WAN, LEADER OF THE MISSION, SEEN WITH M. PINEAU.

Prince Wan of Siam, the U.N. Special Representative on the Hungarian problem, reported to the General Assembly in New York on December 10 the complete failure, owing to the intransigence of Russian and Kadar régime officials, of his mission to try to end repression in Hungary.



A LARGE SHIP'S KEEL LAID BY A SMALL BOY: THE SON OF CAMMELL LAIRD'S MANAGING DIRECTOR AT A BIRKENHEAD CEREMONY.

The six-year-old son of Mr. R. W. Johnson, Managing Director of Cammell Laird, pressed a button to lay the keel of a huge new 38,000-ton ship at the firm's Birkenhead shipyard recently. The new ship is said to be the largest yet built by Cammell Laird.



THE NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTER OF STATE FOR WELSH AFFAIRS: MR. D. V. P. LEWIS.

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons on December 12 that Mr. David V. P. Lewis had been appointed Minister of State for Welsh Affairs. Mr. Lewis, on whom the Queen has conferred a barony, is fifty-two and Welsh by birth. He is a member of Brecknockshire County Council, a Justice of the Peace, and chairman of the Wales Area Council of the Conservative Party.



DURING HIS VISIT TO AMERICA: KING MOHAMMED OF MOROCCO WITH MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY AT AN OPERA IN NEW YORK.

King Mohammed of Morocco ended his visit to the United States, which lasted nearly three weeks, with five days of sightseeing and social functions in New York, where he arrived on December 8. With him above are his three daughters and his younger son, Prince Moulay Abdullah.



## VICTORIANA, TOYS, AND ESKIMO CARVINGS: AT THREE LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



AN UNUSUAL CHRISTMAS CARD OF 1876: IN THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION AT THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL MARCH 2. What is thought to be the first Christmas card to have appeared in this country is among the wide variety of Victoriana assembled for the exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum, London, E.2. The exhibits range from the autograph manuscript score of Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer . . ." to original drawings for *Punch*.



LOOKING AT FASHION PLATES AT THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION: A "LADY AND A GENTLEMAN" OF ABOUT 1875, AND A YOUNG LADY OF TO-DAY.



IN THE "CHILDREN'S PARADISE" AT 138, PARK LANE: AN EARLY ENGLISH TOY THEATRE OF ABOUT 1820, WITH A PROSCENIUM DESIGNED BY WILLIAM WEST. Hundreds of toys of all shapes and sizes, and ranging in date over many centuries, have been assembled for the "Children's Paradise" Exhibition, which is being held at the House of Bewlay, 138, Park Lane, in aid of the Royal School for the Blind, Leatherhead, Surrey. Organised by Madeleine Masson, this interesting and colourful exhibition continues until January 6.



A SWISS 18TH-CENTURY NOAH'S ARK MADE OF STRAW AND OTHER TOYS IN ONE OF THE CASES AT THE "CHILDREN'S PARADISE" EXHIBITION.



IN THE EXHIBITION OF ESKIMO CARVINGS FROM CANADA AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: A HUMOROUS STONE CARVING OF A DOG BY INALOOK OF CAPE DORSET. THE ESKIMOS CARVE IN STONE, BONE AND IVORY WITH PRIMITIVE TOOLS.



DELICATELY CARVED IN IVORY BY SHEROAPIK OF POVUNGNETUK: A GRACEFUL AND SINUOUS SEA-OTTER WITH A FISH IN ITS MOUTH.

One of the few relaxations for the Eskimos of the Canadian North—whose life is governed by hunting—is carving, and some 80 per cent. of the adults in any group take an active part in creating small pieces of sculpture such as the two shown here. The Canadian Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources has assembled a selection of some 100 pieces, which has been shown in several European centres, and is now to be seen at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, until January 12. A further selection of these interesting carvings was published on pages 228 and 229 of our issue of August 11, 1956.



# THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF CAPTAIN BLIGH'S *BOUNTY*: THIS YEAR'S FINDS OFF PITCAIRN.



(Above.) EXAMINING SOME OF THE OBJECTS HE DISCOVERED ALONG THE LINE OF *BOUNTY*'S KEEL: THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC'S WRITER-PHOTOGRAPHER, MR. LUIS MARDEN.

THE story of the mutiny in H.M.S. *Bounty* is one of the most celebrated in the annals of the sea and has long been the subject of research and romance. Though it has been known since January 23, 1790, the day that *Bounty* was burned, that she lay at the bottom of Bounty Bay, off Pitcairn Island, no one had found the exact spot until it was discovered last January by Mr. Luis Marden, a staff correspondent of *The National Geographic Magazine*, who records his adventures in the December issue from which these photographs are reproduced. After weeks of "lung" diving in Bounty Bay, Mr. Marden located parts of *Bounty*'s hull, encrusted by coral, lying on the ocean bed covered by some 20 to 40 ft. of turbulent water. Along the line of the ship's keel Mr. Marden found hull fittings, an oar-lock and fragments of copper sheathing. All the objects were covered with limestone, and as he cut them free with a chisel the carbonised wood puffed up like "smoke." Some of the direct descendants of the mutineer helped in the search. *Bounty*'s anchor was found last February when it was spotted by Mr. Wilford Fawcett on his first dive well outside Bounty Bay.



AFTER 167 YEARS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR: THE BROAD ARROW, SYMBOL OF BRITISH GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP, WHICH WAS STRUCK INTO THE LARGER COPPER AND BRONZE FITTINGS OF *BOUNTY*.



PROTRUDING FROM THE SAND: *BOUNTY*'S ANCHOR FLUKE WHICH WAS FOUND WELL OUTSIDE *BOUNTY* BAY.



FIVE GENERATIONS LATER: THOMAS CHRISTIAN, GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF FLETCHER CHRISTIAN, WHO LED THE MUTINY IN THE *BOUNTY*, HOLDING A 15-LB. RUDDER PINTLE FROM THE SHIP.



BROUGHT ASHORE IN *BOUNTY* BAY: THE SALVAGED 12-FT. ANCHOR WHICH IS OF THE OLD ADMIRALTY PATTERN DISTINGUISHED BY STRAIGHT-V FLUKES.

Photographs by Mr. Luis Marden, reproduced by courtesy of "The National Geographic Magazine."





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THERE are times when I wonder whether it is wise, in writing of garden matters, to give way to conscience, and strive after a reasonable amount of accuracy. In fact, I wonder now and then whether it would not be a good plan to contract and cultivate a trace of fatty degeneration of the conscience.

### MONTBRETIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

country they are to be grown. Probably it would be safest, in really cold, bleak districts, to experiment, leaving a few of each variety undisturbed during a few winters, and lifting the main stock to be stored indoors and replanted in spring. Another plan would be to protect the bed where they are growing with a winter blanket of straw or bracken, or alternatively winter protection might be given with frame lights or cloches.

In any case, they are such lovely and valuable things, especially for cutting, that it would be foolish to risk the finer sorts in open ground unprotected, in any but the mildest districts, until experiment had been made with a few martyr corms.

To refer to High Authority in discussing plants and flowers and their names constitutes a serious occupational hazard. It leads to shattering jolts and disillusionments as to what one knows, or thinks one knows. Take montbretias, for instance, those jolly gold and orange flowers, with leaves like slight and slender gladioli. Did you know that the ones you know best are not montbretias at all, whilst the plants which really are montbretias are probably known by relatively few gardeners? There are about six species of montbretia, and apparently most, if not all, of them are greenhouse plants.

Let me quote what the R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening says about montbretias: "Montbretia (in honour of Antoine François Ernest Conquebert de Montbret, born Hamburg 1751, died Cairo 1801, botanist of the French expedition to Egypt)." Then after a brief botanical description of the family, one reads: "The plants known as montbretias, so popular in gardens, are the result of crossing *Crocoscma aurea* with *Crocoscma pottsi*. For cultivation, etc., see under *Crocoscma*." And so to *Crocoscma*. There, the *Crocoscma-Tritonia* mix-up is discussed amid a welter of synonyms with which I will not distress you. I take it that the commonest of the jolly plants that you and I have known since the cradle as *Montbretia crocosmaeflora* must henceforth be called *Crocoscma x crocosmaeflora*. But I would advise you not to try that on with the average nurseryman or bulb merchant. It's so much more important to be understood than to be correct.

The first hybrids of what we will call montbretias were raised by that great plant-breeder, M. Lemoine, of Nancy, in 1833. But in more recent years many fine and greatly improved hybrid montbretias have been raised in this country, especially by the late Mr. Sydney Morris, of Earlham Hall. The famous Earlham montbretias were a superb lot, and I well remember the sensation they created when they made their appearance some thirty or so years ago. The commoner old orange-flowered *Montbretia crocosmaeflora* is a fine garden plant, and probably more generally hardy in this country than some of the choicer varieties. In fact, so hearty and hardy is it that it may often be seen, apparently naturalised, in all sorts of rough waste places, especially where garden rubbish has been dumped at roadsides.

In the garden montbretias should be given fairly rich loam and a reasonably sheltered position, and coming as they do—or their forebears did—from South Africa, they certainly enjoy sunshine. As to the hardness of the better sorts, that must depend largely upon in what part of the



WHAT MOST PEOPLE KNOW AS MONTBRETIA, BUT KNOWN ALSO AS CROCOSMIA AND TRITONIA: ONE OF THE NEWER HYBRIDS, "LADY OXFORD," AN UNUSUAL VARIETY IN WHICH THE PALE YELLOW BLOOMS ARE SHADED WITH PEACH-PINK.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

### A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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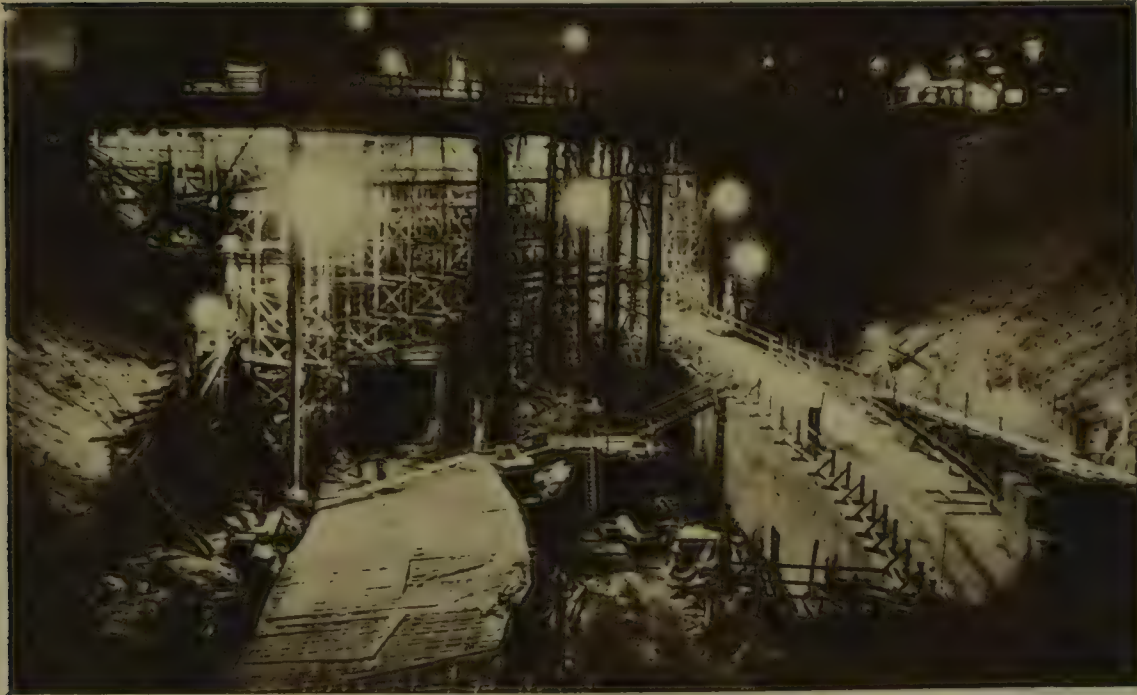
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My job was therefore to remove only the top-most fresh and active corms and plant them back 3 or 4 ins. apart. By the time I had dealt with half the bed in this way I was called off to do other jobs on the nursery. This was fortunate, for the un-dealt-with half of the bed remained un-dealt-with, so that that summer I was able to appreciate the benefit resulting from the work I had done. The contrast between the two halves of the bed was quite astonishing. The plants, their foliage and their flowers on the un-dealt-with bed remained starved and stunted, growing little more than a foot high, whilst those which I had split up and replanted grew and flowered superbly, standing a good 3 ft. tall, with flower sprays to match. To-day, when I see clumps of montbretias in people's flower borders, congested and so half-starved for want of lifting, splitting, and the discarding of surplus moribund ancestral corms, I am reminded of the bed I tackled so very many years ago. Sometimes I tell my friends how easily they could resuscitate and invigorate their clumps of stunted montbretias. Sometimes they act on my suggestion. More often they don't. But I hope you will.



# MODERNISING A CONGESTED CITY: STOCKHOLM'S IMPORTANT NEW UNDERGROUND LINK.



PART OF THE EXCAVATION WORK FOR THE NEW UNDERGROUND LINE. A VERY LARGE NUMBER OF INTERESTING HISTORIC RELICS WERE FOUND DURING THE DIGGING.



EMERGING FROM A HILLSIDE: A TRAIN FOR SLUSSEN AT A NEW OPEN-AIR STATION.



THE SPEED WARNING AND AUTOMATIC BRAKING PANEL IN THE DRIVER'S CABIN: THE STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HAS SAFETY PRECAUTIONS OF A HIGH ORDER.



SHOWING THE BRIGHT AND CLEAN APPEARANCE OF THE NEW STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND LINE: ONE OF THE NEW STATIONS.



ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SIMPLE, MODERN LINES OF THE NEW TUBE STATIONS: AN ESCALATOR, THE LONGEST IN USE ON THE NEW LINE.



ALSO HELPING TO EASE STOCKHOLM'S TRANSPORT PROBLEM: ONE OF THE BUSES SERVING THE NEW UNDERGROUND STATIONS.

Although the extensive modernising of the inner town area of Stockholm is still in its early stages, an important step forward was taken when on November 24 the new underground railway line was opened. This line, about a mile-and-a-half in length, links the two underground railways in the south and the west of the city which were formerly unconnected, and the resulting unification greatly improves the city's travel facilities, relieving the congested buses and trams, and is hoped also to help lessen the traffic

problem in Stockholm, a city where there is one car for every 8 inhabitants. King Gustaf Adolf and Queen Louise were present for the opening ceremony, the King making an inaugural trip in the driver's cabin, and the night before there was held a great banquet on a platform at the Central Station, when food was served from an eight-coach train used as a kitchen. (This event was illustrated in our issue of December 7.) The replanning of the inner town is part of a larger development scheme covering the whole of Stockholm.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MAGIC AND SPELLS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE to admit that at times a stage Prospero has been less compelling than that other magician, John Wellington Wells. I have known actors, each looking like Miranda's great-great-grandfather, who have either intoned the majestic verse through a thicket of beard, or boomed like wind in a farm chimney. On these occasions I have felt sadly the onset of what Bottom calls "an exposition of sleep"—this, too, though "The Tempest," on the page, is a miracle of the poet's mind. Possibly Shakespeare foresaw that kind of Prospero when he put in so many verbal nudges to rouse poor wearied Miranda.

In fairness, it is some time since I met a really deadly Prospero. Sir John Gielgud, at Drury Lane—and how good it is to write those two names in conjunction!—is a magician worthy of the verse. His performance has a sculptural quality. This Prospero is not a fuzzy recluse. He is a man who has fought hard for his knowledge, the power of giving fire to the dread rattling thunder, and rifling Jove's stout oak with his own bolt. On this isle in the far-off seas Prospero has grappled long and fiercely with the forces of magic. He speaks with a noble austerity, and he bids farewell to his art as a man who has challenged and overcome. The last speech haunts us by its wistfulness: it is not just the final exercise in a set of sonorous set-pieces.

To watch Gielgud as he commands the stage of Drury Lane, and especially to see him as, in his turquoise cloak, he makes farewell before the ship sails, with fair winds, towards home where "every third thought shall be my grave," is to know the splendour of a true classical performance. This is, without self-consciousness, the grand manner. It seizes the heart and mind.

In sum, then, the developed night for which at Stratford, in the summer, I had hoped. There, in spite of Peter Brook's powerful imagination—and no director has more—the night had occasionally seemed tentative, even though it was as good a "Tempest" as I remembered. The opening, as it is now at Drury Lane, was managed finely from the moment the ship's lantern began its dizzying arc. It was like Brook, also, to see the possibilities of that usually botched scene for the shipwrecked king and courtiers, and to offer it as almost a Shakespearean discovery.

Good; but I found, during the autumn, that the production was not staying with me as a whole. "The Tempest" was still ten leagues beyond man's life. To-day, at Drury Lane, we can declare that we have landed on Prospero's island. Here let me add that, though I understand playgoers who ask for a fruitful isle, a place of "bosky acres" and of "lush and lusty" grass, I do believe more easily in Peter Brook's caverns by a "sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard." It is a world of elemental forces, fit home for the bold magic of Prospero.

Various small things have been altered for the better on the passage to Drury Lane.

Ariel, if I recall, no longer uses his telescopic mushroom; Caliban's appearance is modified. Most important, the epithalamic masque is changed. At Stratford, with those white-robed goddesses, we had no hint of Iris, the "many-coloured messenger," and I was bothered by the dancers' reiterated fertility-rite chanting of "barns, garners," and so on. Now there is transformation. The goddesses are radiant. "Great Juno" floats down upon a lazy cloud; and the moment when the grouped trinity is poised above the dancing nymphs and reapers is as "harmonious charmingly" as we could wish.

Most of the performances are right, from the "blest lovers" of Doreen Aris and Richard Johnson, who are simply in love, and who make no more ado about it, to the Gonzalo of Cyril Luckham, Robert Harris's movingly-voiced Alonso, and the Stephano (more and more Robeyesque) and Trinculo of Patrick Wymark and Clive Revill: quick, eagerly-defined clowns. The Ariel is still, for me, a loss—longingly I think of the work, so different and yet so satisfying, of Elsa Lanchester, Leslie French,

Alan Badel—but the Caliban of Alec Clunes, though the actor cannot wholly smother his own charm, does keep the memory. I am unlikely to forget "The isle is full of noises" which brings to us the sounds and sweet airs, the

thousand twangling instruments that hum about our ears. Mr. Brook, with his much-discussed devices, has seen that the isle shall ring with strange sound. But I do wish that Ariel had a voice.

From the moment that Prospero and Miranda face each other across the great stage, as the ship vanishes in storm, this is a strange, exciting night: not, maybe, a "Tempest" for everyone—will there ever be a production with which all will agree?—but one absorbing both for its own sake and for its appearance on the stage of Drury Lane. This has been for so many years a theatre of more-or-less ephemeral flickers—though I would not for a moment deny my own pleasure in some of the nights—and it is a joy to hear the voices of Gielgud, Harris, Clunes. I wonder how many, at the première, were thinking of another "Tempest" on an evening in the autumn of 1838 when, as the wild storm faded, the Prospero of William Charles Macready descended a flight of rocky steps with the Miranda of Helen Faucit behind him.

Gonzalo, with his travellers' tales—the dear old man was ready for any small talk—might have got on with Daniel, the hero (if that is the word) of "Paddle Your Own Canoe." This cheerful fellow had spent some years of brisk independence in the jungles of South America. Returning to France and to his not altogether delighted canoe-building family who had thought him dead, he vowed that he would never submit again to the domestic head-shrinkers. If this sounds odd, we must consider that the light comedy at the Criterion—adapted by Lucienne Hill from the French—was first called "The Head-shrinkers": an analogy between the amiable practice of certain South American tribes, and the women of Daniel's family who relentlessly "brain-washed" their males and reduced them to insignificance.

Daniel spoke too soon. He saw that his home by the Marne was no place for him. During the third act, the most amusing passage in a play that gets progressively better, we knew that he wanted nothing more than to reach South America again. What happened after this must be experienced in the theatre. Thanks to the abundant performances of Newton Blick (gasping like a landed fish), Violet Farebrother (resolute wife and mother-in-law), Nigel Stock as Daniel, and Moira Lister as his wife who is very much her mother's daughter, the night is ingenious and acceptable.

I cannot say that of "The Tunnel of Love" (Her Majesty's), adapted by Joseph Fields and Peter de Vries from Mr. de Vries's American novel. This is yet another fun-about-babies anecdote, and for me it is only the slithering, twitching, sliding comedy technique of Ian Carmichael that keeps the evening alive. He is perfect casting for an embarrassed innocent, and the gayest minute in the piece is simply when he and a visitor (arch but official) from an adoption society fill a difficult silence with

encouraging smiles and nervous guffaws. But it is a night of little magic, few spells.

I met another of Shakespeare's magicians, "damned Glendower" in the Highgate School Dramatic Society's "Henry the Fourth, Part One," a production very well managed, with a particularly commanding King by I. M. D. Ferris. And the amateur company at the Crescent, Birmingham, took us without fuss through "The Comedy of Errors," set in that Ephesus of "curious arts," a city of sorcerers and exorcists. John Wellington Wells would have loved it.



"FOR ME IT IS ONLY THE SLITHERING, TWITCHING, SLIDING COMEDY TECHNIQUE OF IAN CARMICHAEL THAT KEEPS THE EVENING ALIVE": "THE TUNNEL OF LOVE" (HER MAJESTY'S), SHOWING MISS MCCrackEN (BARBARA HICKS) CROSS-EXAMINING AUGIE POOLE (IAN CARMICHAEL) ABOUT HIS WIFE'S WHEREABOUTS.



"THIS IS A STRANGE EXCITING NIGHT... ABSORBING BOTH FOR ITS OWN SAKE AND FOR ITS APPEARANCE ON THE STAGE OF DRURY LANE": THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY IN "THE TEMPEST," SHOWING THE EPILOGUE SPOKEN BY PROSPERO (JOHN GIELGUD). THE DIRECTION, DECOR AND MUSIC ARE BY PETER BROOK.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "DINNER WITH THE FAMILY" (New).—Anouilh comedy; I will return to it later. (December 10.)
- "BE MY GUEST" (Winter Garden).—Jane Baxter in a play by Mary Jukes. (December 11.)
- "THE RAPE OF THE BELT" (Piccadilly).—New Benn Levy play. (December 12.)
- "THE HAPPY MAN" (Westminster).—Hugh Williams in comedy by himself and Margaret Williams. (December 13.)
- "KING CHARMING" (Players).—Planché pantomime. (December 17.)
- "DANISH PANTOMIMETEATER" (Princes).—Traditional entertainment from Tivoli, Copenhagen. (December 18.)
- "NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR" (Arts).—Nicholas Stuart Gray play at matinées. (December 19.)



## THE RICHEST FIND OF IFE BRONZES SINCE 1938—MADE BY ACCIDENT.



FIG. 1. TWO ENIGMATIC BRONZES FROM THE RECENT REMARKABLE DISCOVERY AT ITA YEMOO, IFE, NIGERIA: EGG-SHAPED FORMS, EACH WITH NATURALISTIC HEADS OF THE SAME STYLE AS FIG. 4.

THE most important archaeological find made at Ife since the world-famous bronze heads were discovered at Wunmonije in 1938 has just been made at Ita Yemoo, on the edge of the present town. The discovery was made by a building workman clearing a mound and preparing a site for the erection of stores and other buildings for the

[Continued below.]

(Right.) FIG. 3. PERHAPS THE MOST INTERESTING OBJECT FOUND: A SMALL BUT HEAVY BRASS CUP, WITH A RECLINING ROYAL FEMALE PERSONAGE, ELABORATELY DRESSED.



FIG. 4. TWO BRONZE EDAN, OR CEREMONIAL STAFFS, OF VERY UNUSUAL FORM, PERHAPS MADE FOR THE OGBONI SOCIETY. THE HEADS ARE COMPARABLE IN STYLE WITH THOSE IN FIG. 1.



FIG. 2. A KING AND QUEEN, PERHAPS, ARM-IN-ARM. THE HEAD OF THE KING WAS SHATTERED DURING THE EXCAVATION.



FIG. 5. THE MOST IMPRESSIVE NEW BRONZE FOUND: AN ONI OF IFE IN FULL REGALIA. A MAGNIFICENTLY-PRESERVED BRONZE, 19 INS. HIGH.

Continued.] Ife Co-operative Union. The bronzes are deeply patinated and would appear to have been undisturbed for a long time. Some were broken during the excavations (e.g., Fig. 2). The find was reported to the Oni of Ife and to the Director of Antiquities, building work has been suspended and scientific excavation of the site under Mr. Frank Willett, of Manchester University, was expected to begin shortly after December 7. The finds so far made are on temporary exhibition in the Ife Museum pending laboratory treatment. The most remarkable of the discoveries is the standing figure of an Oni in the full regalia (which is still used for coronation ceremonies) and which is closely comparable with the famous half-length figure which is now

in the possession of the present Oni. In his left hand he holds the horn of authority and in the right a sceptre of white cloth and coral beads. The Royal pair (Fig. 2) are also of great interest. The female's head-dress of diminishing flanges is taken to be a Royal emblem and can also be seen in the brass cup (Fig. 3)—an object designed, it is thought, for pleasure rather than any ritual significance. The ceremonial staffs (Fig. 4) and the egg-shaped objects (Fig. 1) are in a similar naturalistic style. The find, though as yet smaller in quantity than that of 1938, is comparable in quality and may yet, with further developments, add very greatly to our knowledge of the ancient and rich Yoruba culture which produced these wonderful sculptures.



## AN IMPRESSIVE NEW PARISH CHURCH: ST. ANDREW'S, ROXBOURNE, HARROW.



AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, ROXBOURNE, HARROW, WHICH WAS CONSECRATED ON OCTOBER 26: THE MAIN ENTRANCE PORCH WITH THE STATUE OF ST. ANDREW ABOVE IT, CARVED BY MR. DARSIE RAWLINS, A.R.B.S.



SOME OF THE STAINED-GLASS DESIGNED FOR ST. ANDREW'S BY MR. MAX NAUTA: PANELS SHOWING EPISODES FROM THE STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON AND (RIGHT) SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CHRIST.



GIVEN BY THE ARCHITECTS, MESSRS. FAREY AND ADAMS, IN MEMORY OF CYRIL FAREY, WHO DIED A FEW MONTHS BEFORE WORK STARTED: THE FONT CARVED IN PORTLAND STONE BY MR. ESTCOURT CLACK, F.R.B.S.



FROM THE SOUTH-WEST, SHOWING THE TOWER AND SPIRE (COVERED WITH ALUMINIUM) OVER THE PORCH, THE NAVE, THE HALL, AND (RIGHT) THE VERGER'S FLAT. FIVE OF THE EIGHT BELLS IN THE TOWER CAME FROM THE BOMBED CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, BETHNAL GREEN.



SHOWING A NUMBER OF MAX NAUTA'S STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS, THOSE IN THE CLERESTORY HAVING HERALDIC SYMBOLS OF SAINTS: THE NAVE AND ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.



WITH ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL (MARKING THE CONNECTION WITH ST. STEPHEN'S, POPLAR) ON THE LEFT AND THE LADY CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT: THE NAVE AND SANCTUARY. THE PULPIT AND PEWS CAME FROM THE DEMOLISHED CHURCH OF ST. MARY, EDMONTON.



SHOWING THE SCREEN FOLDED BACK TO INCREASE THE ACCOMMODATION TO ABOUT 900: A VIEW FROM THE SANCTUARY DOWN THE NAVE INTO THE HALL AT THE WEST END. TO THE RIGHT IS THE ORGAN OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

On October 26 the Lord Bishop of London, the Right Rev. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, consecrated the new Parish Church of St. Andrew, Roxbourne, Harrow, and thereby Roxbourne achieved its full status as a parish. The development of this new parish began in 1937 with the erection of a mission hall to cater for the rapidly-increasing population in the area. Despite many ups and downs the development towards parochial status made steady progress, and in June 1956 the Foundation Stone of the new parish church was laid. Some months earlier the Rev. E. R. Nadkarni, who had been appointed priest-in-charge in 1948, was instituted as the first Vicar. An unusual

characteristic of the church, which was designed by Mr. Michael Farey, A.R.I.B.A., of Messrs. Farey and Adams, is that church, hall, vicarage and verger's flat have all been completed in one inter-connected group of buildings. Though using the inspiration of ancient Saxon churches in his design, the architect has incorporated the most modern construction methods. The new St. Andrew's has several connections with bombed London churches, among them St. Stephen's, Poplar, the bomb-damage money from which was used towards the building of St. Andrew's. The fine series of fifty stained-glass windows was designed by the Dutch artist, Mr. Max Nauta.

*Architectural photographs reproduced by courtesy of "The Builder."*



# Shell guide to DECEMBER trees

PAINTED BY S. R. BADMIN, R.W.S.



If you like trees, it is sad to see them felled in the winter woods. But trees are also a crop, and good forestry is a condition of their good health. Bark patterns and colour and texture — all are characteristic, as the trees are cut. Here are logs of MARITIME PINE (1), SILVER BIRCH (2), PLANE (3), GREY POPLAR (4), BLACK POPLAR (5), WALNUT (6), HOLLY (7), SYCAMORE (8), LARCH (9), HORNBEAM (10), OAK (11) and BEECH (12). The crane lifts an ASH log (13), having already loaded SCOTS PINE (14), NORWAY SPRUCE (15), SILVER FIR (16) and LIME (17).

In the tall NORWAY SPRUCE (15A) you will scarcely recognize the same species as the ten year old Christmas Tree (15B), with papery cone and needles (15C). Other conifers are two kinds with silver backed foliage, GIANT SILVER FIR (16A and 16B) and EUROPEAN SILVER FIR with larger cones (16C); MARITIME PINE, with long paired needles and bunched, hard, six-inch cones (1A and 1B) and the little JUNIPER (18 and 18A), one of our few native evergreens, properly belonging to chalk or limestone scrub.

Trees also in view include BEECH (12A), HORNBEAM (10A), HOLLY (7A and 7B) and WILD CHERRY (19). As a tree parasite, foresters have no love for MISTLETOE (20).



Shell's series of monthly "NATURE STUDIES: Fossils, Insects and Reptiles", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" and Shell's "NATURE STUDIES: Birds and Beasts" are also available at 7s. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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# THE DEATH OF NELSON: A NEW TUSSAUD'S TABLEAU.



AN ORIGINAL FROM WHICH A COPY HAS BEEN MADE FOR THE NEW TABLEAU: A NAVAL LANTERN OF 1805.



A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF NELSON'S UNIFORMS AT THE MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, SHOWING THE INTRICATE DETAILS COPIED FOR THE TABLEAU.



ALSO REPRODUCED FOR THE NEW TABLEAU: A DIFFERENT TYPE OF NAVAL LANTERN OF 1805. FROM THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM.

A NEW tableau of the death of Nelson was recently put on show to the public at Madame Tussaud's waxworks exhibition. Research has revealed that the earlier tableau was in some respects inaccurate, and these deficiencies have been remedied, down to the last button detail, in its present counterpart. For instance, an Admiralty archivist found that Captain Hardy did not, as previously believed, wear boots at the time, for there is a record relating that one of his shoe buckles was shot away three minutes before Nelson fell. Although there was no official pattern for seamen's uniforms until 1857, the National Maritime Museum produced copies of detailed contracts of Nelson's time for seamen's clothing. The earlier tableau was based on the one which was lost in the great Tussaud's fire of 1925. This one, in turn, had originally been made for the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea in 1891, and had been largely based on a painting by Arthur William Devis, which is now at Greenwich. The cost of the new tableau exceeds £5000 and altogether it has taken about two years to produce.



THE NEW TABLEAU AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S OF NELSON'S DEATH. NEW DETAILS, NOW FAITHFULLY COPIED, HAVE COME TO LIGHT.



EXAMINING A DRESS AND AN UNDRESS UNIFORM OF NELSON: AN OFFICIAL OF THE MARITIME MUSEUM (CENTRE) AND MADAME TUSSAUD'S WARDROBE MISTRESS (RIGHT).



CONSULTING SOME OF THE MANY RECORDS USED TO ENSURE ACCURATE REPRODUCTIONS: MR. BERNARD TUSSAUD (LEFT) WITH MR. HARRY ELLIS, A SPECIALIST TAILOR.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

GOOD novels, whatever anybody may say, are coming out all the time. But they seldom provide a new experience; and if you miss one of them, the chances are that another one will do nicely. This, however, is so much to be expected of any craft that one becomes conscious of it only in fits of languor, or on the rare, startling occasions when it is not true. In "Wizard's Country," by Daphne Rooke (Gollancz; 15s.), we do light on a new experience. The narrator is a Zulu—a little hunchback, born in the quiet days of Umpande, and surviving on the assumption that "an old woman dropped him." Otherwise he would have been killed, as the son of a magic dwarf. The "witness" was his clever, kindhearted grandmother, the first woman of Liyana; the flagitious old person was never seen again. And Bengé remains alive on sufferance. From year to year, he "may straighten out"; then, with his sharp eyes and skill as a hunter, he becomes useful; but Liyana is ashamed of him, his mother daren't let him grow up, and children turn from him when their ears are pierced. All except Thunzi "black and proud," who is the son of a spirit—got by Bengé's own father for an uncle who had been killed in war. Thunzi loves the deformed boy, the clever hunter, as though he were straight, and has promised to raise him as a son. This is Bengé's pride; but he has also an overwhelming temptation—to become a magic dwarf. These little creatures belong to a witch or wizard, who sets them down by a stream to raid cornfields and decoy wives. Through their master, they have great power. And Liyana is very near witches' country....

But I have just started, and may be giving the wrong idea. This is a whole world of the imagination. It takes in the Zulu War, the killing of the Prince Imperial, the débâcle. It has a violent and tender love story. It has necromantic horrors ("The wizard lifted a corpse from the grave. It was thin indeed. He carried it away") and scenes of idyllic charm. The people are lifelike; I wish I could dwell on Bengé's father—big and handsome, dutiful and irresolute—or on the "fiery person and cattle-stealer," Usibebu. Or on the humorous and touching bond between the old chief and his old wife, and the account of his death and burial. Or for that matter, on the girl Bengé stole and left in the witches' country.... It is not really a long book; it is more fascinating than strange; and one can't imagine it in another style.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Those Without Shadows," by Françoise Sagan (John Murray; 9s. 6d.), is a bit of workmanship. The author has dropped her heroine, her *alter ego*, in favour of an assorted group, all young except the youth-loving Maligrasses, and all, except Béatrice, drifting and unhappy in love. Béatrice is rather stupid, and determined to succeed as an actress—which the others think very odd. Still, she is adored by two of them; I couldn't always remember which, and indeed it matters less than you might suppose. Here we have one couple, parting in the rain:—"They exchanged passionate lovers' kisses; they were both ill-fated people, but they did not care. They were fond of each other. The damp cigarette that Bernard tried unsuccessfully to light was symbolic of their lives, for they would never know real happiness and were aware of it, but they also felt that it was not at all important."

So the reader may well agree. All the same I took to this little story. It has an air of precocious mellowing; the intensity is gone, but the lackadaisical set of people are rather nice. They like each other. They are not even selfish as people go, but support each other through the vacuity of existence, with a kind of invalidish goodwill. And it is graceful work, if one could help laughing.

"Isabel the Fair," by Margaret Campbell Barnes (Macdonald; 15s.), stands out from other good, honest examples of its craft by the desperate nature of its appeal for sympathy. This Isabel is the wife of Edward II. She is put forward as a loving, generous girl, moulded for high things, shocked and disillusioned as a wife, and therefore to be excused for what the iron man of her choice did to the weak husband who had loved Gaveston. Even in view of what he did, it *might* be possible to evoke some feeling for Isabel—but scarcely as a nice girl gone wrong. And actually she comes through, not indeed as a "she-wolf," but as a shallow, petulant little vixen. Edward and Gaveston are the attractive figures of the story.

"Dead and Not Buried," by H. F. M. Prescott (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), was first published before the war. The question is, which of two partners in a chicken-farm—the elegant, boulderish young Marc, or the untidy, grey-haired little artist Philipson—seduced their slatternly neighbour Mrs. Marshall, and has now butchered her husband. Philipson doesn't know; as he confides in Marc, he had a blackout that afternoon, and only knows he was on the spot. There is a macabre side, to be sure; but Marc's repeated, ever-thwarted attempts to dispose first of the body, then of his trusting and docile partner, are rather funny than otherwise. I should call it not only an effective, but a nice book.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHITE must have had rather a shock in this position from a recent game in Switzerland, when Black played 32... R-Kt4.

(Black)



(White)

Despite the apparent freedom of White's queen, there is not a square to which it can play without being taken.

Yet White managed to find a move which avoided defeat. See if you can discover it, before referring to the conclusion of these notes, and *don't* be too easily satisfied that you have found the best move.

A delightful little game from the world Championship for Juniors at Toronto a few weeks ago.

## NIEMTSO-INDIAN DEFENCE.

GERUSEL

LOMBARDY

White

Black

1. P-Q4

Kt-KB3

2. P-QB4

P-K3

3. Kt-QB3

B-Kt5

4. Q-B2

Kt-B3

5. Kt-B3

P-Q4

6. P-QR3

BxKtch

7. Qx B

Kt-K5

8. Q-B2

P-K4!

A standard resource in such positions: the black KP is sacrificed to facilitate ... B-B4.

9. QP x P

B-B4

Threatening 10... Kt-Kt6.

10. Q-R4

Castles

11. B-K3

P-Q5

12. R-Q1

PxB!

13. R x Q

P x Pch

14. K-Q1

KR x Rch

15. K-B1

P-QR3!

16. Q-Kt3

Kt-B4

17. Q-B3

Kt-R4!

For, of course, 18. Q x Kt? would be answered by 18... Kt-Kt6ch.

18. P-K4

Kt(R4)-Kt6ch

and White resigned. An impressive demonstration that a queen is not everything! 19. K-Kt1, B x Pch; 20. K-R2, R-Q8 spells *finis*.

The diagram: 33. Q x KBPch is *not* the move, as Black has a won game after 33... R x Q; 34. R(Q1)-KB1—there is nothing better—34... P-B5! 35. B x P, Q x B!

White played the much superior 33. Q-K6! and the game ended 33... P x Q; 34. B x Pch, R-B2; 35. R(Q1)-KB1, P-R3; 36. R x R, Q-Q3; 37. R-B6 dis ch, K-R1; 38. R-B8ch, K-R2; 39. B-Kt8ch, K-R1; 40. B-K6 dis ch: drawn by perpetual check.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM PRE-HISTORY TO MODERN CHINA AND INDIA.

IT is odd how some of the institutions of the past stand condemned, while the men who ran them are allowed—quite literally—to get away with murder. "Mediæval" and "feudal" are now terms of scorn and abuse. There is still, however, a halo of romance about the Plantagenets, although the pages of history never contained a pack of people more mediæval or feudal, in the worst possible sense of both words. In "Devil's Brood" (Faber; 21s.) Mr. Alfred Duggan exposes all these very ungente and imperfect knights to the merciless light of day. He does, it is true, discount the legend that they were all in fact descended from the Devil, but that may be because his theology is orthodox, and he stands too much in awe of the Devil to

make him look silly. But there is a certain wishfulness about his reference to the legend, which seems to imply that he regards it as far from incongruous. Readers who are not historians may find that their memories of the Plantagenets are conditioned by Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott. All of them were fierce kings, who went about sticking broom in their helmets, jousting and crusading and making war on France for a hundred years. There was Henry II, an angry king, who encouraged his knights to kill St. Thomas Becket and then had to go and do penance at his tomb. Richard I, of course, was a splendid king, who came back from the crusades in disguise, made friends with Robin Hood and frustrated the plots of his brother John, a very bad king indeed. Lastly there was dear little Arthur, a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy who never became king at all, because wicked Uncle John had him murdered—but not before he had so melted the heart of someone called Hubert that he refused to put out those periwinkle-blue eyes. Let us hear what Mr. Duggan has to tell us about dear little Arthur: "At nine years old the precocious Arthur was ready to enter politics, which meant, for one of his ancestry, that he was ready to wage war on his nearest kin.... By August 1198 little Arthur was eleven years old, and mature enough, by the ancestral custom of his house, to commit his first act of treachery.... few theatregoers recall that he was a sixteen-year-old knight, who had been captured in battle while attempting to sack the castle that sheltered his eighty-year-old grandmother. His death was untimely, but not wholly undeserved." Well, if I can discard yet another nasty little prig from the catalogue of pasteboard and tinsel saints, I shall not grieve unduly. In the end, Mr. Duggan blames the legend itself. "These young men," he writes, "were told, day after day, that it was their destiny to be devilish. That they fulfilled this fancied destiny has been the theme of this book." I wonder on what basis this judgment is founded? Most of the young men I know have been told, day after day, that it is their destiny to be angelic—and few indeed have ever "fulfilled this fancied destiny." Nevertheless, this is an excellent book, and the author is to be congratulated on the set of vigorous portraits he has drawn.

History of so comparatively recent a period is interesting, but it rarely carries with it the sense of awe. That, if I try to analyse it, is what makes archaeology so fascinating a subject to me. When told, as Kathleen Kenyon tells me in "Digging Up Jericho" (Benn; 30s.), that Jericho is really the oldest town in the world, that the date of the oldest finds of pottery at this site is somewhere about 5000 B.C., and that even earlier discoveries may yet be made, I am at once spellbound with wonder. The plastered skulls found in the Neolithic tombs are as fascinating as they are sinister; they have a smooth, majestic air which lifts them on to that mysterious plane where art and religion meet. Though I do not easily tire of looking at archaeological photographs, and am perhaps liable to be biased by my own enthusiasm, I must confess that the selection in this book seems to me to be among the best that I have ever seen. The phrase "Go to Jericho" has now acquired a quite new significance for me, and I advise all readers to share it by making the journey in Miss Kenyon's pages.

A travel-book of a very different complexion takes us from Jericho to India. Mr. Ralf Oppenheim is a Dane who has visited India and records his experiences in "A Barbarian in India" (Phoenix House; 21s.). I cannot think that Mr. Nehru, if he ever sees it, will like this book.

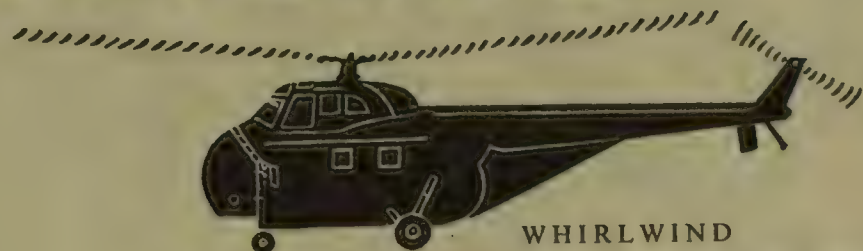
It entirely destroys the illusion that India is now peopled by millions of mild left-wing intellectuals, reading *Tribune* and the *New Statesman*, and impartially cheering the visits of Mr. Bevan and Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Oppenheim spares his readers nothing, including an eye-witness description of a widow committing *suttee* (though he spells it "sati") on her husband's funeral pyre and the sacrifice of a goat. No, Mr. Nehru would definitely not like this book. I am not at all sure that I care about it myself.

Mr. Sigurd Eliassen, an engineer who has spent some time in China, tells of his adventures in "Dragon Wang's River" (Methuen; 21s.). All books about China seem to me to be faintly reflective of Kai Lung. I dare say, however, that if I had been kidnapped by Communist bandits, as Mr. Eliassen was, I should be less inclined to be facetious on the subject.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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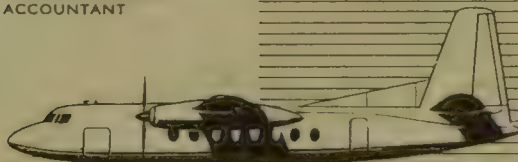
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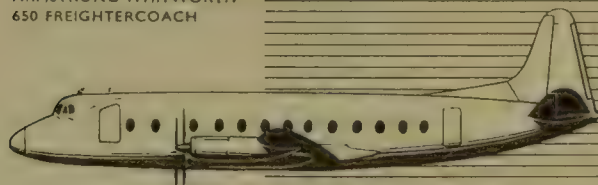
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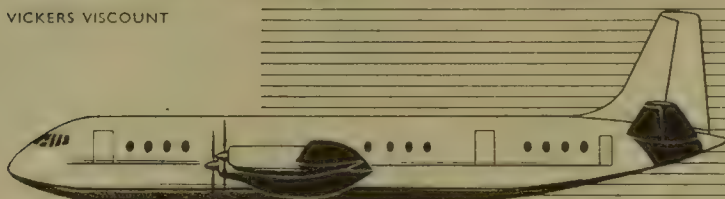
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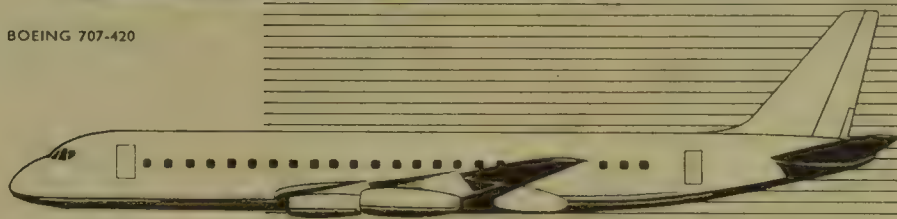
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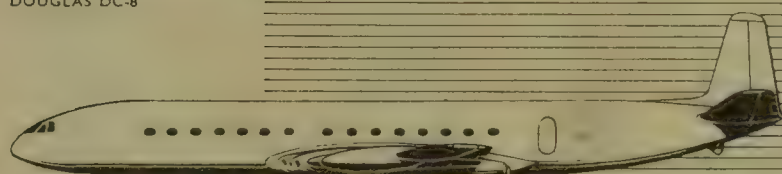
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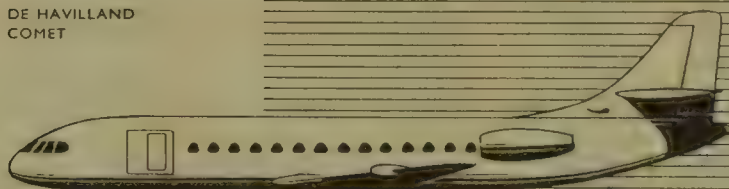
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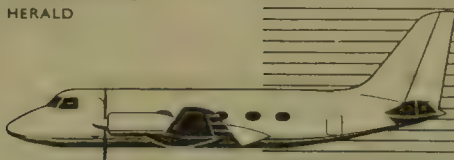
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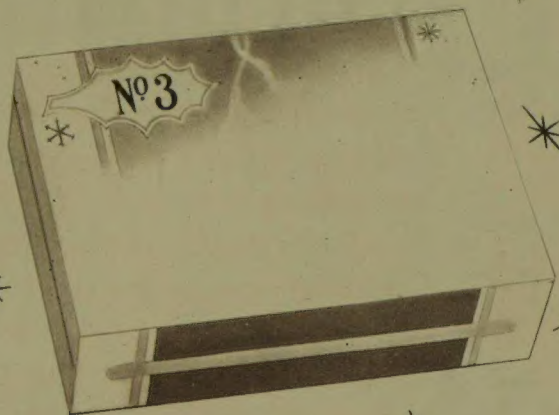
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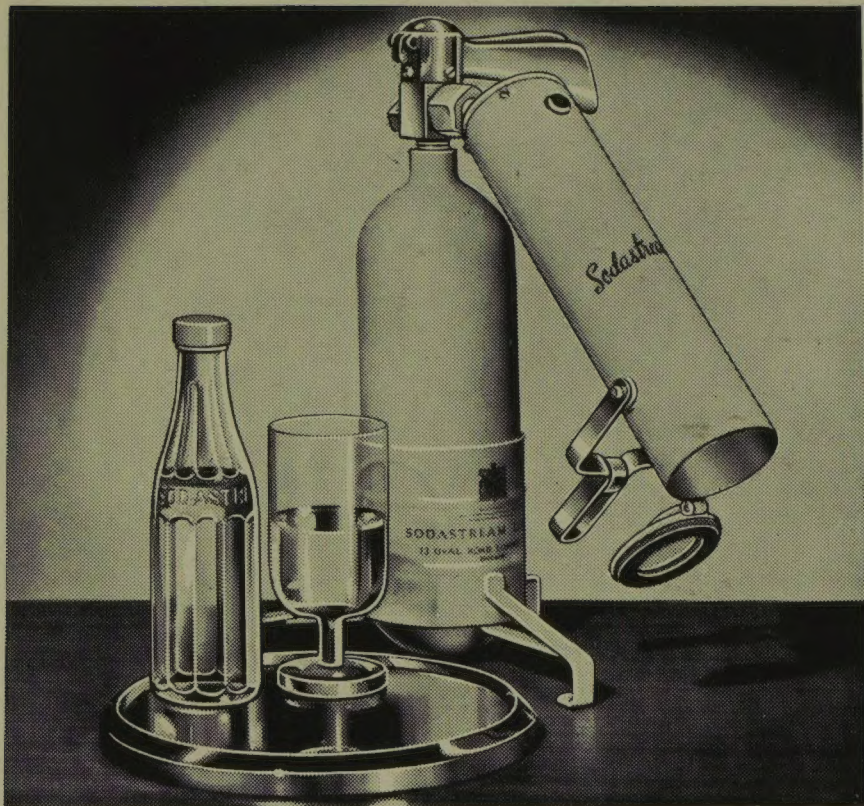
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